National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 39. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859. WHOLE NO. 975.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE ANTI SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

SPEECHES

AT THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

SPEECH OF E. H. HEYWOOD.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am very glad that, by the resolutions and speeches of to-day, the issue before us has been distinctly put. We have been called upon to look the question of slavery distinctly in the face. Only a few weeks ago, the *N. Y. Times* said that this Anti Slavery agitation was over. Not so. This agitation can only be settled by the extinction of slavery. Here are two opposing systems, two belligerent, defiant antagonisms, arrayed against each other like Gabriel and the arch fiend upon the plains of heaven. There can be no truce, no compromise between such parties. Temporizing clergymen and time-serving politicians labor in vain. Slavery must be put down. "Carthage must be destroyed." Politicians and ministers blink this issue. To the American Church it is a stumbling block, and to the American State it is a foolishness. When we say that the Church is pro-slavery, we do not mean that it prefers slavery to freedom, but that it is not willing to pay the price of freedom. We mean that while it serves Christ with the lips, it denies him in the life; that while it preaches Jesus, it practises Judas (applause). It has no anti-slavery principle. It does not put slavery into the category of sins. I want words to express my unutterable contempt for the shuffling and jesuitical policy with which the Church has handled this question. You have all heard of the negro who said that he had one source of consolation under all circumstances of affliction, and that was—Webster's Dictionary (laughter and applause). The whole policy of the Church is to darken counsel with words. Look at the resolutions passed by the American Tract Society last May, proposing to discuss "the moral duties that grow out of the system of slavery"! Can anything be more blasphemous or ridiculous?

No, there is no such thing as compromising with such wickedness as this. The devil dies hard. Hack him in pieces, and every separate bit will make a new devil. When evil entrenches itself behind the forms of law, there can be no compromise made with it. The trouble with the Church is that it has no love for the slave. You remember the story of the woman who wrote to her husband in California—"Say not that absence conquers love; the longer you stay away, the better I love you." (laughter and cheers). The Church loves the slave at the greatest possible distance. In going about among the country towns, I find no persons who are willing to sacrifice anything but the *Liberator* men; and this is the great fault of the Church in connection with this question. It would prefer liberty to slavery, undoubtedly, but it is not willing to pay the price of liberty.

The same thing is true in politics. I take it we are not to rely upon politics at all. It is not at all reformatory. The governments of the country are necessarily influenced by the prejudices of the people, and politicians are the creatures, not the creators, of the age. I need not say much in praise of men who did so much evil that their successors are regarded as benefactors for undoing it. Politics make reform about as Sodom and Gomorrah made fire and brimstone (applause). When we look at the political parties, the Republican party, for instance, we find the necessary evil of politics—that it is linked directly with this great evil. When an old political organization is broken asunder, people sometimes think we have a new element. By no means. The old elements have simply assumed a new form. It is the drift-timber that floats upon the last freshet. The Republican party goes not only for constitutional liberty, but for constitutional slavery. It recommends impartial liberty for all men, except for slaves. It goes not only for State rights, but for State wrongs. I do not care what construction the Republican party put upon the Constitution, if they will legislate for liberty. Let them abolish slavery in the District, and the inter-State slave trade, and slavery itself. But they cannot be called anti-slavery until they put themselves upon this plane of action. There is a story of a good woman who undertook to shoot a hawk, and when the gun knocked her over, her son, who had been trying some experiments upon it, called out, "Hold on, mother; there are nine more charges to come" (laughter). I want this Republican gun loaded so heavily that the South will know, when the first shot is fired, that there are nine more charges to come.

Evidently, there can be no compromise in this matter. The slaveholder must be agitated out of Church and State. This going against slavery where it does not exist is firing at nothing, and hitting it. It is only boys who think to catch swallows by putting salt upon their tails. Mr. Seward begins to see the folly of all attempts at compromise upon this question. Who, then, are the fanatics, and who are the statesmen? The greatest statesman now on the stage confesses himself the pupil of the Abolitionists. But it has taken him twenty-five years to learn the lesson. Who, then, rules the country? Is it the men who occupy the White House? No, it is the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Pharaoh sits upon the throne, but Joseph is Governor of Egypt (loud applause).

Here, then, is the issue. Everything must come up to this plane of action. Burke said that justice is the only settled policy of society, and any prominent deviation therefrom lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all. To this we must come—to the policy of impartial justice for all men. I care nothing about the comparative superiority of the races. Locke says that men are very much the same in intellectual faculties in all time. Mungo Park says that he found lawyers in Africa who could argue with as much ability and with as great fluency, and at as great length, as in Edinboro' (laughter). Why, the last black baby of South Carolina, with its "great cry and little wool," is likely to be full as great as the last specimen of Boston south-side aristocracy (laughter). I am surprised that in New England, a man who stands as the apologist for the foulest sin of the age can be countenanced for a moment as a Christian minister. According to the record, Adam's fall occurred six thousand years ago, more or less; but he did not touch bottom until 1854, in Essex street Church, Boston! (Roars of laughter and enthusiastic applause.)

The strength of this cause is in the realm of ideas, of universal principles. Agitation is its staff of progress. Do not be afraid of it. We cannot rely upon institutions, as such. They do not breast the current, but float with the stream. It is idle to expect anything from them. Nothing is fixed on this earth but truth and justice. Living principles are the strength of this reform, and must be adhered to. It makes no difference how many men we have, if we have only enough to speak the truth. It is not the shuffling policy of politicians that helps forward this cause. It is not Mr. Wilson, in the Senate, declaring that the Republican party will let slavery alone where it exists; it is not Mr. Banks in New York declaring that he has no controversy with the Fugitive Slave bill—it is not that that stirs the people; it is when Sumner, in Faneuil Hall, says, "I was a man before I was a commissioner," and when Giddings says, in Congress, "if we cannot have liberty but by insurrection, let it come"—that the public conscience is stirred. That is what we want—direct appeal to the hearts of the people. If we would only rend asunder those bulwarks of the American Church and State, the hot indignation of the popular heart would blot slavery out of existence in an instant. This agitation can never be abandoned until slavery is hushed in the sleep of death. Philosophy tells us that when the earthquake ceases, volcanoes commence. So if you will smother this agitation at one point, it will break out in another. It will roll and surge, until the last relic of pro-slavery in Church and State has gone down beneath its fiery billows (loud applause).

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I have never seen the day when I should feel at my ease in pursuing a train of thought so well and beautifully commenced as in the speech to which we have just listened; but this evening, I am under peculiar embarrassment, by reason of excessive hoarseness; still, I hope I may always be ready to contribute my morsel to sustain the interest of an occasion like the present.

I wish to express a part of the great gratification I felt in listening to the remarks made by our friend from Worcester (Rev. T. W. Higginson). I believe it to have been by far the most important speech ever delivered in this hall or anywhere else in the anti-slavery cause; and I think it so particularly because of the spirit and purpose with which it seemed to be inspired. I think, with Mr. Higginson, that it is more than mere play upon words that we need, and that it is even more, if possible, than direct appeal to the consciences and hearts of men. Indeed, since, within the last few days, I have felt myself incapacitated for speaking, I have hoped that the time for words had gone by, and that the dispensation of deeds had commenced. I hope the time is not very far distant when someboby will be able to say, as the old English martyr said, in the time of "Bloody Mary," when he was bound to the stake—"We shall this day kindle such a fire in England as, under God, shall never be extinguished." I hope some of us will be able to say that in regard to the great movement in which we are engaged. I want to see the day when the last speech shall have been made, and the last word shall have been uttered; when the dispensation of doctrine shall have been superseded by the dispensation of fact; and I think no one properly appreciates the Anti-Slavery movement who does not regard that crisis as very near at hand. We have seen enough of the Slave Power, most assuredly, to have learned that it cannot be conquered by any very gentle, or soothing, or conciliating measures. I think that it ought to be understood, by this time, that this is a Leviathan which is not to be drawn out by a hook; that this is a fire that, as my friend Higginson said this afternoon, is not to be extinguished by rose-water; that we have a more serious work on hand than politicians understand; that there are things in the anti-slavery enterprise not dreamed of in the philosophy of politics. I am heartily tired of hearing any allusions made to politics. I do not believe that Henry Wilson or any other Senator or Representative in Congress from New England, or any part of the country, any more comprehends the mysteries and the necessities of the anti-slavery cause than the youngest child now in the audience, or in any other part of the State. I remember reading, somewhere in the history of the Revolution, that a young orator, standing up in Faneuil Hall, said, "Whoever supposes that the scenes of this day will end without strife, entertains a very false conception of the solemnities of the occasion which has brought us together"; and I think we are at this moment in the midst of scenes which our friend Higginson was not able to grasp, even in his almost inspired vision and conception. Whoever expects to see slavery extinguished but in a Red Sea of blood, knows little of the philosophy of human experience and of human needs; and whoever believes in the use of the sword, and is not preparing himself for its use, is not up to the exigencies of this hour; and the young men who are not training themselves in the art of war are probably only prolonging a strife that must end at last either in complete submission to the Slave Power or in scenes of blood at the very mention of which we well might tremble.

Our whole country, at the present moment, is prostrate before the Slave Power. You may speak of Seward, or you may talk of Wilson, but the crack of the slave-driver's whip is not more potent on the plantations of Carolina than on the floor of Congress. Senator Seward uttered some pretty bold words some months since, and the Democratic party screamed "Treason" from one end of the country to the other. The consequence was that Republicans began to make apologies and excuses, wherever Republicanism is permitted to exist—for, however, that party may talk about being "national" in its principles, it is not "national" in its geographical extent, and will not be until it is made up of braver men than we have yet sent to Washington. They tell of the perfect submission and perfect discipline that are demanded and practised in the Democratic party. I do not think the Democratic party is peculiar in its exaction of these qualities and graces, on the part of its adherents. I saw the other day a statement that they had a new way of training horses in South Carolina, which is likely to supersede the philosophy of the famous Rarey, and the way they do it is to send all the untameable horses to the Democratic caucus, and put them under the training of politicians there; and they say the horses are never known to disobey any command after that! (Laughter.) But I believe the Republican party is not much better. When Mr. Seward made that speech, the whole party immediately set itself to apologize for it, and to affirm and reaffirm throughout the country, wherever it exists, its perfect loyalty to slavery and fidelity to the Constitution, so help them God; and finally, after they had apologized for it some fortnight or more, the Boston papers began to publish it; but they never dared to trust it to their readers before that; and when it came from the mouths of these famous horse-tamers, it was found to be nothing more nor less than the most common utterances of the Democratic party leaders; for they declare there shall be no interference with slavery where it exists, that no party could be truer to slavery, in all its interests, than would that party, and that, whenever the slaveholders get ready to abolish slavery by State action, themselves, then they would have no objection to its being done. Now, really, I do not know the private opinions of Benj. F. Hallett and Caleb Cushing, but I venture to say that if the South were really ready to abolish slavery, Caleb Cushing would be ready for it, and Benj. F. Hallett also—Cushing being convinced—would be ready for it. So I do not see what wonderful difference there is between Seward and Cushing, or between the best men of the Republican party and the common men of the Democratic party. And while this is true, and while Senators can be cudgelled in the halls of Congress, and insulted wherever they go, as New England Senators are, and are willing to be, for the sake of the six thousand dollars the Congressional term, I do not think they know or care very much about the anti-slavery movement.

Then, again, I do not believe there is any man of them who has expressed any opinion against slavery as a matter of principle. I have never heard of any such. Whatever is done is done as a matter of policy. One issue is yielded after another. When Texas was admitted, nobody complained more; when the Missouri compromise was repealed, it was very easy to reconcile the country to it; and when Cuba is admitted, the Republican party will not quarrel very much afterwards—I do not think they will quarrel much before. Whether they will make an issue with regard to the reopening of the African slave trade, I do not undertake to say at this time; but if there should be any anti-slavery issue betwixt the two parties, in 1860, I think that is most likely to be the one.

But I shall betray myself into too long a talk if I do not mind. The main idea which I wished to express was that it seems to me that what we want is a new and deeper baptism into the spirit and genius of the anti-slavery enterprise. Why, even the Abolitionists themselves, the best of them, scarcely read THE STANDARD or *Liberator* enough to keep at all well posted in the anti-slavery movement; and I frequently have to tell the most common anti-slavery intelligence, that the children in the families ought to know, not to Republicans and Democrats, to church-members, and deacons, and ministers, but to out-and-out Garrisonian Abolitionists. The other day I was in the Anti-Slavery Office, and saw the list of delinquent subscribers to *The Liberator;* and I would simply say that there are many notes in the eyes of Abolitionists, that might well be cast out, and it may be they would then see a little more clearly the beams in Republican and Democratic eyes—for there are many of them there; and I fear that many a man who is so gingerly in his treatment of the Republican party might brush a little of the dust out of his own eyes, and it may be he would see depravity enough then. I have not much strength left; but the little I have, I should like to devote to earnest, wholesome anti-slavery work, and I do not care much what it is. I do not know that, in the struggle which is to come, I should not, in cowardice, shrink from the contest; but I should hope, if I did, that it would be—like the Nantucket Quakers in the Revolution—to feed the hungry and heal the wounded. But I do say this: we have proved already, in our experience of the Slave Power, that what we have, we have to take, for they will give us nothing. As it was said here this afternoon, no tyrant ever surrenders his power. That old remark which was made when a little detachment of troops was ordered to lay down its arms—"Come and take them!"—is the universal answer of all tyrants, when they are asked to lay down their power. "Come and take it," they say; and you will have to take it by such means as will be effectual in the encounter. Our friend Higginson referred to the raid made over into Missouri by Ossawattomie Brown and his friends, and the liberation of those fifteen or twenty slaves. He alluded to it as an indication of what may come before long. I see the government has sent an armed force to resist and prevent any repetition of such movements. I trust that the angel of God will protect old Old Ossawattomie Brown, and shield him in whatever battle he may engage (loud applause). For if our movement, or our age, even, has a Cromwell, that man is undoubtedly the Cromwell of this generation; and I hope that if one drop of his blood shall fall to the ground by the bayonets of the myrmidons of James Buchanan, it will spring up in more than a dragon's-teeth harvest of brave men, that shall revenge it, not by slaughter and blood, but at least by the emancipation of every slave in the land, before the sword of insurrection shall be sheathed (cheers). If that is treason to your government, all I have to say is, let your government make the most of it. If I can excite among men who believe in violence the spirit of war, that I shall do. That is to say, I shall say to every man, "Be true to your convictions of right. If you would defend your own hearthstones, and your own wife and daughter, defend the hearthstone and the wife and daughter of the slave, or, at least, place him in a position where he may have a hearthstone, however humble, and a wife and daughter he may call his own." I like very well a remark that our friend Garrison once made, and I wish he would often make it about this time. He told the colored people, at the time of the passage of the Fugitive bill, that he was a non-resistant, and he wished they all were. So I say, that I wish all the colored people, and all white people, too, were such non-resistants as our friend Garrison. But I would also say, as he said on the occasion to which I refer, since they are not, and believe in resistance to tyrants by violent measures, you must remember that the names of Washington and William Tell are very honorable names in the history of mankind. God knows I do not wish to see a drop of blood; but God also knows, and to him I appeal for the sincerity of the remark, that I would rather see the blood of insurrection flowing than the blood of the slaves shed by ruffian hands on the plantation (applause).

Yesterday, for the first time in my life, I saw Mrs. Stowe in the State of Massachusetts. I wished then, and I have been wishing ever since, that I could have given her one hint. I need not say anything in praise of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but I will tell you where I think its defect is. It is that there is no heroism about it, until heroism is of no use. I wish we could have an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the heroism of which should consist not in resisting the atrocious and diabolical commands of Simon Legree, but the softest and most smiling simper of little Eva herself, if it were made to Uncle Tom as a slave (applause). I honor the heroism that will resist, by some means or other, the command of the tyrant, no matter though it be sung in accents more musical than the voice of Charity herself. I would see an Uncle Tom who should say to Eva and her father, "Never will I obey one command of yours until our relations are utterly changed, and you and I stand upon the same platform of humanity" (applause). I would see Uncle Tom leap overboard to rescue even Legree from drowning, as he did Eva; but I would have him see all Mississippi drowned in her own waters before he would obey one of her edicts, until the last vestige of slavery was swept from her escutcheon. When we have such Uncle Toms as that, we shall have raised men who will understand Liberty as something higher and nobler than the stuff out of which Fourth of July orators manufacture their rhapsodies, which mingle with the rolling of drums and the booming of cannon—the one as senseless as the other (applause).

But, Mr. Chairman, I have forgotten myself again, and will bring my remarks at once to a close. Let us, as I have said, try to make our work an earnest work in view of justice and right. By the grace of God, I will insist that men shall be true in some way to justice and humanity; that they shall, in some way, resist the tyrant; for, it is unquestionably true that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." And I do not believe the slave has any more right to be a slave than the master has to be a tyrant. The one is as guilty as the other, unless the power be too strong; and if the power of the tyrant be too strong for the victim, it is for us to come to the rescue, in the fear and in the love of God (applause).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I suppose the strength of such a movement as ours consists in the fact that it is made up of men who think each one for himself. Of course, such a body of men, fit or able to carry on or initiate an enterprise so repugnant to the associations and the principles of a great nation, must be minds that are exceedingly independent. I do not say, of course, that they are before their age, or necessarily correct; but they have, at least, what is a singularity, or independence, as you may choose to phrase it. Of course, therefore, you will hear from this platform, as you have heard to-day, on all sides, criticisms upon each other, as well as upon the world. The moment we cease to criticise each other with the same freedom that we criticise the world, we shall have lost that peculiar character of intellectual life which gives us our efficiency, indeed by virtue of which we gravitate towards this cause. As to every other idea which the community repudiates, all sorts of singularity gravitate to this point. That is the reason why an anti-slavery meeting is so picturesque. Here you see the man with half an idea, and the man with one idea, and the man with no idea at all (laughter). Every man who fancies or really has in him anything singular here finds refuge. We gather up all that is not enrolled in the ranks of conservatism—all that does not marshal itself into line at the beat of the drum. Each man is like Harry Wynd in Scott's novel, and fights on his own account. Conservative men fall into regiments naturally. No man knows what is wanted—he leaves that to the General. Each moves forward with a blind, disciplined impulse, in one vast, concentrated mass. Our warfare, on the contrary, is that of light troops; each man sallies out and fires his own gun. In the end, this does the most work. The moment the attempt is made to marshal these troops into rank, that moment it sacrifices its own character, that moment it ceases to be the distinctive army of reform.

One thing I like in the remarks that have just been made. Did you ever observe that when things are about to happen, somehow or other there is a hurtling in the air before they come. Now, it is nearly sixty years since the word "insurrection" has been a familiar word in the American vocabulary. Before the adoption of the Constitution, the history of Carolina is almost a succession of insurrections. Up to within twenty or thirty years of abolition in Jamaica, the history of that island was a history of insurrections. Instead of there having been but one insurrection in St. Domingo, there was not a year that was not marked by insurrection. The German lecturer, Solger, who says no man has any rights who does not show his title by a constant struggle to achieve them, and argues that therefore the black race is not entitled to freedom, must be ignorant of the ghastly scenes of murder, bloodshed and judicial assassination which mark the history of Carolina and of Jamaica—proving, if they prove nothing else, that the negro never forgot for an hour that he had as much right to his freedom and to his own wife as the white man who robbed him of both. That title has never been lost by reason of his neglect to try, at least, to enforce it. I like, therefore, these speeches about insurrection; for it seems to me that when the air is full of them, it is because the volcano and the earthquake are at work. That is why we smell the gas. The chinks are opening; the lava is breaking out. Now, not only the South and South-West, not only valiant old Ossawattomie Brown, but the vanguard of thinkers, doubters, and apprehenders, all over the country, have been talking for the last five years of insurrection. It is not only in our meetings; but if you watch the papers, or look anywhere, you will see it; just as, fifteen years ago, Northern men began to talk about disunion in a whisper, and now it has been talked about until it may almost be said to be capable of cool calculation. Even *The Tribune*, which is not remarkably rash, which looks at its dollar on both sides, and at its milled edge also (laughter), even *The Tribune* has published a series of articles calculating the value of the Union—the very thing that Webster said ought never to be done. I like this augury of the flight of birds; it tells us of something that is to come; and if this race shall rise, and, as it did in St. Domingo, hew off its own chains, it certainly will not lie on our lips to reproach them. We may drink in cold water, if not in Oxford port, the old toast of Samuel Johnson—who, though a Tory, could recognize the right of the black man to freedom—"Success to the first insurrection in the West Indies" (applause).

Speaking of races—as our friend Heywood said, I think there is a great deal in race; but yet, there is not half so much in that as in circumstances; for, put them in the same circumstances, and the races will prove to be about the same. I remember that in St. Domingo, in that last terrible struggle, when LeClerc ordered a black colonel to be sabred in the sight of his wife, he lingered a moment before submitting to execution; like that Roman under Nero, who, though the blood of the bravest race of the old world filled his heart, lingered before submitting his neck to the sword, his wife, you know, seized a dagger and stabbed herself, crying out, "Pætus, it is not hard to die"—so the wife of this black colonel on the island of St. Domingo, who had never read Greek or Latin, or even heard of the Romans, seized a sabre from a French cuirassier, and gave herself a mortal wound, saying, "Husband, death is not the thing to fear!" (Applause.) It was Roman blood, though the skin was black! (Renewed applause.) The same circumstances produced the same result. I think you will find it so everywhere.

But, at the same time, whether it is so or not, I do persist in believing that the cause is mightily onward, and I shall be sanguine to the last. I think that in this country of men who read and write, and think, of newspapers and books—the land of brains—where, as Waldo Emerson so wittily says, the Yankee carries more brain in his right hand than any other man does in his head—in such a land, it is not bullets that decide questions at the last; it is discussion and thought; it is purpose and resolve. There is not a Gibraltar rocky enough, nor, crowded with cannon as Mr. Higginson painted it, there is not a Gibraltar fiery enough to stand twelve hours against the united public opinion of thirty millions of American people. I do think, whatever my friend Mr. Pillsbury may at present anticipate, that there is nothing more fixed than this—that the thoughts of the American people at this moment centre on the subject of slavery. The statesmen of the last generation made their reputations, or lost them, on money questions, the tariff and the bank. All over the land, you heard nothing but the click of dollars and the rustle of new bank bills. Cotton wool filled the ears of the American people, and their hearts were changed into tariffs and bank charters. That was the American idea of the last generation; but nobody can say that such questions make up the history of our time. The nucleus of all things in our country, at the present day, is Slavery. It was no joke of our President, but a solemn truth, that Congress is turned into an anti-slavery debating society. Nobody reads anything that does not touch slavery. What louds down the telegraph? Slavery. What news do the people ask first? "Is Cuba to be annexed?" "Has Mexico rotted yet into our hands?" Do you tell me that where the minds of thirty millions of people are centred on that great question, that, like stupid boys, we are to pore over the lesson for thirty years and not learn it? I do not believe it. Give a Yankee a pin made by half-a-dozen different men—the head, by one man, the shank by another, the point made by another, and the shine put on by a fourth, and he laughs at the whole affair, and makes a machine no larger than this cushion, that makes pins by the barrel, and numbers them at the same time. Now, that same labor-saving race, that accomplishes more in ten years than the old world does in half a century, has fixed its keen, workable intellect on this slave question: "We do not mean (it says) to have it in our way long; it interferes with the location of the Pacific Railroad—injures the value of Northern acres—interferes with the value of gold mines—disturbs our foreign relations—perils the stock of cotton—it will force Great Britain to cultivate cotton on the banks of the Ganges, and ruin the Carolinas." I think we are too wise to suffer the system to exist; we shall settle the slave question in a generation.

Mr. Seward has been mentioned. My friend Pillsbury said he uttered bold words at Rochester. Mr. Seward is too wise to say "bold" words. The words "bold" and "politician" do not agree together; there is no rule in the grammar to make them agree. Mr. Seward said wise words, prudent words, judicious words, at Rochester—never "bold" words. He never utters any word until he is certain there is in the public heart a readiness to echo it back. The reason why his speech is of any value is because Seward made it. He is a sensitive plant; he is one end of the electric wire and America is the other. The value of that speech at Rochester is, it was made by a man who never utters anything until he knows the American people are ready for it, and who has that instinctive, preëminent sagacity, that common sense and cool judgment, by which you may know that the American people are about ready for it, when he undertakes to say it. Republicanism, with its eyes like Mammon, fixed on the golden pavement at Washington, does not see the change that is going on; but Seward has his eyes not on the golden pavement of office, but on the clear sky that is breaking ahead of him; and if he cannot be President of the American Republic, he means to be the statesman of the nineteenth century (cheers).

There is another sign—to come down from great things to small—the Boston *Courier* (laughter). My eloquent and enthusiastic young friend who stood here first this evening (Mr. Heywood) spoke to us of what the influence and name of our Pioneer would be in times to come. I believe that, a hundred years hence, when men have the leisure to go back to original history, and find out that popular apprehensions are often mistakes, it will be so. But when anti-slavery begins to triumph, I will tell you the very first sign you will see. The moment anti-slavery approaches anything that can be called its triumph, the political press will begin to argue that Garrison did not originate the Immediate Emancipation doctrine, but that, a common printer in the office of a Newburyport paper, edited by Caleb Cushing, he stole the idea from him! (Loud laughter and applause.) And the religious press, I think, will dispute it, and probably bring forward the claim of Dr. Cox, of New York, as the person who really originated the enterprise (renewed laughter). Now, the Boston *Courier* had an article yesterday morning, in which it said that some people (what captious people they must be!) had found fault with the tone in which it had spoken of the colored people. The *Courier* then goes on to observe—mark you! it is the Boston *Courier*, published in this city, that had colored schools until Wm. C. Nell finally triumphed in abolishing them—that had railroad cars out of which some of us have been dragged for the crime of sitting by a colored friend, man or woman—that had, up in the Old South gallery, and in many another church, little pews for colored people—it is this paper that speaks:

"Whatever inferences may have been drawn, justly or unjustly, from any particular expressions which we may have dropped from the pen in the hurry of composition, we here take occasion to say that anybody does us injustice who thinks or says that we are indifferent to the welfare of the colored people, or disposed through wantonness to wound their feelings. Such is not the case. We feel none other than kindness and good will to this portion of our population, and would never knowingly forego any opportunity to serve them, or to help them serve themselves. The colored population of Boston, during the last twenty-five years, has made very distinct and decided progress, and such progress is most honorable to them. They lead more moral and reputable lives; they are possessed of more property, and live more comfortably; they are more anxious to improve their own minds, and to educate their children—indeed, their anxiety to have their children well educated, and the honest pains and sacrifices they are at to have them neatly dressed, are most creditable to them. These things show that they were entirely worthy of the boon which has been bestowed upon them now in every town and city in the State, of having their children educated at the same schools with the whites.

"We are glad of this progress; and we are also glad of the gradual melting away of the prejudices once entertained by their white brethren towards them. Certainly there never was anything more unchristian than the spectacle which we can remember in the pews churches of New England, of a few colored worshippers stuck up in a sort of swallow's-nest pew under the eaves, as if they were lepers or pariahs. The man whose devotions are disturbed by having a family of well-behaved and decently dressed colored persons in the pew next to him may know much of the doctrines of Christianity, but is very little imbued with its spirit. We think Massachusetts is honorably distinguished by its bearing towards its colored population, not merely by giving them equal political privileges with the whites, but by the increasing willingness of its people to recognize their social rights, and to deal with them in a spirit of humanity and Christianity."

How far the *Courier* has travelled, unconsciously! The man who wrote that article might stand here and feel quite comfortable, and in his proper neighborhood; and yet, he wrote an article in the Boston *Courier!* Great events are coming. That is the first wave of that flood of argument which is to rob our friend of all credit for the anti-slavery enterprise. I think that is another sign of how the public mind is softening and beginning to be ashamed of its prejudice against color. The Boston *Courier* is ashamed of that old Boston prejudice against the colored man. We are growing. Men are beginning to take in the idea that underlies this hackneied phrase, "American Nationality." Out in Michigan, an Asiatic woman, on her death-bed, requested that her body might be burned; but the mad mob entered her husband's dwelling and stole the corpse, and consigned it to the earth in spite of him. That is another prejudice. If we are a nation, I want our arms broad enough to hold all colors, all castes, all creeds—taking in, with broad and generous and close sympathy, all races. I should be ashamed of Boston if we had not three thousand negroes here; I wish we could have a thousand Mahommedans, and some East Indians, and some of every other race, as typical of the greatness of the country. I am of the mind of the Boston *Courier*. I agree with it. "It is pleasant to see brethren agree in unity"! (Laughter.)

Still, I agree with Mr. Pilsbury in one thing, as well as with the *Courier*. There are some dark spots. I will tell you one. Everybody abuses the Orthodox. Let us turn the shield round. There is a man who, in the face of the nineteenth century, propounded to an audience, calling itself Christian, the atrocious sentiment that he was willing to send his mother into slavery to save the government; and when the scorn or pitying indignation and contempt of Christendom dogged his footsteps, from the Mediterranean to Washington, and from Washington to his home, what excuse did he make? "I did not say my *mother;* I said my *brother!*" What an immense difference! What an infinite distinction! What a test of Unitarian Christianity, that the hunted hound could think it a defence in the eyes of the Christian world to say that he did not mean his mother, he meant his brother—and that was virtue! That man bought his patronage of the United States government by the atrocious sentiment, and Boston called him home, and put him into the pulpit of Fletcher and Greenwood—holy men and pure, whose names are household and sacred—and he pollutes the spot where they stood! Where is the Unitarian who can lift up his testimony against a rival sect, while the apostate representative of the lowest level of American subserviency can be called home to Boston, still to break the bread of Christ, and be recognized as a minister of the liberal gospel in the metropolis of New England! (Loud applause.)

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

My friend Mr. Pillsburry put into my mouth a speech that I do not remember to have made, though it is possible I may have made it. He said that I told the colored people that Washington and William Tell were honorable names in history. Perhaps I did, although I do not remember it; but if I did, it was simply a truism, which everybody knowns.

A single word in regard to the Republican party. It is because I think my friend Mr. Pilsbury is unjust to that party that my regard for justice compels me to say a word, by way of fair discrimination, wherein I think he is lacking, so far as that party is concerned. The Republican party is not to be measured by our standard. I mean, a man may object to our standard, and say, "I do not accept your standard; judge me by my own." Very well. Then I say to him, as Paul said to the Jews who would not accept Jesus, I will judge you by your own standard. "Ye that live under the law, do ye not hear the law? Cursed is every man that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them!" And there he had them. Men may properly object to our standard—will they object to their own? When we measure them with their own yardstick, they must either get rid of that yardstick, or confess that they are found wanting. The Republican party must be judged by what it claims to be and to do. Is not that fair? Has it ever claimed to be an anti-slavery party? Where?—when? And if it has not, then it is to be measured by another rule. The party professes not to be an anti-slavery party, but a non-extension party. Is it true to its own idea? It is. Will any man deny it? Will my friend Mr. Pillsbury deny it?

I have not said that they have made it a vital principle, and declared that the Union should be dissolved if they were overcome. That is not the issue. But I say, that up to that point, they do carry out all their professions of resistance to the extension of slavery. I hold that I may give them all credit for what they have done, without at all compromising the anti-slavery cause, and without at all diminishing my right to say to that party, "You are on a sandy foundation, after all; and though you may think you can do something for liberty, I believe you will fail in the end." The Republican party has certainly been consistent in its efforts to prevent the extension of slavery; it has spent a vast amount of money for the purpose of enlightening the public sentiment, so as to save Kansas and Nebraska, and the vast territories of the West, from the encroachments of the Slave Power. Let the party have the credit of it. Why not? (Applause.) I know of nothing in this anti-slavery cause which justifies me in being uncharitable or unfair. Give to every party its due; and I say that, up to this time, the Republican party has tried to prevent the extension of slavery, and has suffered greatly on that account. Tell me not that it is to be put in the same scale with the Democratic party—that party which is ready for everything that the South desires, in the way of extending and eternizing slavery! How was it in the last Presidential election? Was it nothing to the credit of the Republican party that no representative of John C. Fremont could stand upon Southern soil, except in peril of his life—when the whole party was outlawed in all the Southern States—when no electoral ticket bearing his name could have been tolerated in Georgia, or Alabama, or Carolina, or any Southern State—and when, if Henry Wilson had dared to go down South, and advocate his election to the Presidency, he would have gone there as a man goes to the grave, and never would have come back to Massachusetts alive? When a party stands in that attitude to slavery, and slavery stands in that relation to it, I hold it is unfair and unjust to say that, after all, it is as bad as the party that goes all lengths for the extension and eternization of slavery ("hear, hear," and loud applause).

The Republican party, as a matter of fact—and we are dealing with facts—embraces the anti-slavery voters of America, wherever they are—with the exception, it may be, of the little handful who voted for Gerrit Smith. The American people, I say, who vote, and are anti-slavery in spirit and sympathy, are all with the Republican party; not one is with the Democratic party. Among them, of course, there are all phases of sentiment, from the most radical to the most superficial. There is a good deal of pro-slavery in the party, perhaps, but a great deal of warm and genuine anti-slavery—sympathy, generosity, kindness, pity for the slave; blindness of vision to a certain extent, a want of moral courage up to a certain point, it may be, but, nevertheless, an earnest desire and struggle to do something whereby this odious Slave Power may be driven back, hedged up, or in some way destroyed in the land (applause). Judging it, as we are bound to do, by its own test, therefore, as it disclaims being an anti-slavery party, as it openly declares, that in regard to slavery where it now exists, it does not mean to raise any agitation, and only means to try to prevent its extension, to that extent, I say, the party has been true, and my sympathies, to that extent, have been with the party. For we also desire to save the great West from the encroachments of the Slave Power, and establish freedom on the Western soil.

And yet, this being conceded, it does not follow that I may not here, as I do everywhere, say that the Republican party, being a compromising party, never will succeed in heading off the Slave Power, and preventing what it is laboring to prevent; and I think it does not preclude me from saying that to attempt to make a geographical distinction in regard to the law of God and the rights of man is a great moral absurdity, or from saying to the party that it cannot maintain its position against the inexorable logic of the South; for, granting that it is right, constitutional and proper to hold slaves in fifteen States of the Union, the argument is irresistible that it is right, constitutional and proper to hold them in the territories also, and in any additional States that may be brought into the Union.

My hope is in the great Republican party; not where it stands, but it has materials for growth. The men who have gone into it are men who have suffered, or lost caste, to some extent, because they would not go with the Whig party or the Democratic party, in their wickedness, on the side of the Slave Power. They have something of self-respect and manhood left; and they have said, "we are not prepared for discussion yet; we trust it will not be necessary to divide; we will endeavor to prevent the extension of slavery, and that, in process of time, will bring slavery to an end." I believe this is a delusion: but to their minds it does not appear so. It is an experiment, and they have got to learn, as we have had to learn, that all compromising expedients are hopeless as against the domineering Slave Power; for we ourselves have had to change our position again and again. Twenty years ago, I thought I was an Abolitionist, but I had not then cleared myself from all actual complicity with slavery, because I had not then seen to the extent I now see. If any man had said to me, twenty years ago, "You talk about being an Abolitionist, do you, and there you are voting at the polls, and sustaining the pro-slavery Constitution of the United States," I should have been dumb. I might have said, perhaps, "I do not comprehend this; I will look into the matter"; but he, seeing exactly what was involved in a vote, might very properly have said, "Sir, you are not a consistent, thorough-going Abolitionist." So, in the spirit of justice and true charity, we must confer with each other, argue and reason with each other, and endeavor to enlighten each other; and he who thinks his feet are planted upon the solid rock, let him say to those who may be standing, in his judgment, upon the sand, "You cannot remain where you are with safety; here is solid footing; come up hither, and you shall conquer."

I am not here to say anything by way of apology for the Republican party; it is not my vocation, and I know it not to be my duty. I have said what I have as a matter of justice. The Republican party is true to its idea, the non-extension of slavery, while, at the same time, its guilt, its awful guilt, consists in giving its consent and support to the existence of slavery in fifteen States of the Union, under the constitutional pro-slavery compromises (applause). I have said this again and again, and the party has nothing to say in reply, and cannot or will not complain that I am unjust, or that I utter an untruth when I say that between the Democratic and Republican parties, under the Constitution of the United States, in regard to slavery, where it is now established, there is not a hair's breadth of difference. That is, they agree to let slavery alone; they agree that slaves may be hunted all over the North; they agree that slave representatives may be permitted in Congress; they agree that the whole force of the nation may be pledged to put down a slave insurrection; and to that extent, there is no difference between the parties. But in regard to the component parts, the men who make up the parties, there is a great difference. The Republican party is only *pro tempore;* it is to be broken up, undoubtedly; and the men who compose it will, I trust, take a much higher position, and give, at last, a firm support to the only rational, consistent and victorious doctrine in this conflict with the demon of slavery—"No Union with Slaveholders, Governmentally or Religiously!" (Loud applause.)

MRS. FOSTER said it was well known that some present looked with different eyes upon the Republican party from those who sat in the editorial chair, and never went out into the field except by invitation, and were not obliged to force their way to a hearing. She thought she could best explain her views by reference to the temperance movement. When that movement was in its infancy, ear

ever dreamed of, or can without difficulty be made to understand.

The fact is that the battle has been fought on this question at the South. There is no word of remonstrance raised there now, except a very feeble and despicable protestation of the majesty of law. Nobody at the South goes against the slave trade as wrong, law or no law. The only objections urged against it are that it is illegal and impolitic. While the North has been amusing itself with "South-side views" of the institution, and hoping for some providential interposition against it, the South has been advancing to a new and radical position, and now stands upon the intrinsic rightfulness of both slavery and the slave trade. The removal of the legal obstacles to the slave trade follows as a logical necessity. And he who does not see that it will soon be pressed as a practical issue upon the nation is blind to the most palpable and unmistakable indications of the times. The question has got to be met and that soon, and quite possibly as one of the Democratic issues of the next campaign, either openly or covertly.—*Springfield Republican.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

HOW WE STAND.

We are very sure that our readers did not overlook the excellent letter of our Dublin Correspondent, in THE STANDARD of the 22d ult., for we know that the only fault they find with his communications is that there are not more of them. They cannot fail to have remarked, then, his request that we should give him our notions as to the present state of the Anti-Slavery Cause, in this country. This we are the more ready to do inasmuch that we apprehend there are those among our well-wishers on this side the Atlantic who doubt, with him, whether the Abolitionists are holding their own, much more whether they are making headway against the opposing current of a pro-slavery public sentiment. We quite agree with our earnest friend that if the obvious result of the Anti-Slavery Movement were merely the substitution of Douglas for Buchanan, or even of Seward or Banks, as President of the United States, we should have reason enough to despair of its success. Such straws on the surface of the tide of our affairs we watch with interest, as marking which way it is setting, and when it is likely to turn; but we hold them in small account as substantial events, affecting by their direct moment the history we are busy in making. We see in all these political agitations, let them end as they may, the effects of the preaching of the Anti-Slavery gospel, and we see in them the signs of other and greater agitations which must yet shake American society to its centre before the atmosphere that broods over it can be purified of the poisonous taint of slavery.

The Abolition of Slavery, like the Kingdom of Heaven, cometh not with observation. It must and will come, in spite of the confederacies of politicians and priests, but the precise *how* and *when* cannot be pointed out. The mission of the Abolitionists is to prepare the way for its coming by doing what their hands find to do, as day follows day and year pursues year. This mission they have been performing for near thirty years, and they think they have no reason to fear that they have labored in vain. They have never expected to abolish slavery by bringing all the inhabitants of the land, or a large proportion of them, within the fold of the American Anti-Slavery Society, nor yet by the direct and immediate influence of the presses they can maintain or of the meetings they collect. They have never expected to become popular or many. Probably their nominal roll will be no longer on the day slavery is abolished than it is now, and has been for the last score of years. But they know, because they see, that these means have had the effect that they were ordained to have, and that they have caused a great and striking change in the state of public feeling, since they began to act. They need no other proof of this than the railing accusations of the slaveholders and their Northern accomplices. All the mischiefs that threaten slavery, and all the disturbance that has been wrought in State and Church, are traced directly to the Abolitionists and the responsibility laid upon their ready shoulders. And it is in vain that Republican leaders strive to show that there is a great gulf between them and us—like that which yawns between Dives and LAZARUS—for the slaveholders refuse to admit that these distinctions make any difference at all, and insist on vicariously attributing to such men as Wilson and Seward merits which belong truly only to such as Garrison and Phillips.

What the Abolitionists proposed to themselves, at the outset of the movement, was to awaken and keep awake public attention to the facts of slavery, and it is due to their persistent efforts that those facts and their bearings are so much better understood than they were at the beginning. It is difficult for one whose memory does not run back to that time to believe how ignorant men were as to the nature of slavery and its relations to themselves and the affairs of the nation, when Garrison first preached his crusade against it. The slaveholders, with the instinctive sagacity of tyrants, discerned the far-reaching issues of the new faith, long before the Mayor of Boston had ever heard of such a paper as *The Liberator*, or such a man as its editor, and the Sovereign State of Georgia offered a reward of $5,000, for his delivery within her jurisdiction, by a solemn statute, yet unrepealed among her archives. But it was years before the change worked in public opinion at the North made itself manifest in political or ecclesiastical action of any kind. And for long whatever action of either kind was had was rather to muzzle Abolitionism than to molest Slavery. But, by incessantly keeping its villanies before the public eye, and continually ringing the wrongs of the slave and their own guiltiness in his behalf in the people's ears, it has grown to be the one subject of public interest, which cannot be kept out of sight, but which forever haunts the secret chambers and public assemblies of the American nation. The people, generally, are far enough from the reception of the pure Anti-Slavery doctrine, and the political leaders farther yet; but we have seen a Presidential election turn—on "a feigned issue," as the lawyers say, it it true, but yet really—on the question of slavery, and the North arrayed directly against the South. We have seen Wisconsin setting her heel on the Fugitive Slave bill and defying the United States government to execute it within her jurisdiction; Vermont nullifying the same organic wickedness, with a hope of other States following her example; and Massachusetts cashiering a Judge who had enforced it, as an unprofitable and dishonorable servant. These are, none of them, the deliverance that is to come, but they are messengers before its face telling us that it is on its way.

The Anti-Slavery method has been so simple as to be almost incomprehensible to many minds. It has been simply to declare the absolute duty of all persons implicated in the crime of slaveholding. First, the duty of the slaveholder to let his slave go free; and, secondly, the duty of the non-slaveholder to withdraw all countenance and support, political, ecclesiastical and moral, from the slaveholder. These duties it is the business of the Abolitionist to preach incessantly, in season and out of season, in their entirety, as they have been attained unto by the light of reflection and experience. All men and all actions, individual and collective, are to be judged by this standard, and they who do not come up to it are to be rebuked and exhorted to amend their ways. But though the world and the church are yet far in the rear of the Abolitionists, these last may rightfully remark the changes which the discussions they have initiated and maintained have worked in the conduct and the professions of all persons, religious and secular, sole or corporate. And this is perfectly compatible with a most distinct perception of how far they fall short of absolute duty, and how low their aims and how self-seeking their policy. For, though slavery will be abolished, finally, in consequence of the fidelity with which the Abolitionists have borne their testimony against it and all men and institutions that support it, and the discussions and agitations thus excited, it will be done by men who will not have attained to the mark of the high calling of Anti-Slavery. We are to build the bridge and selfish and ambitious men will march over it to the conquest of slavery, and claim the victory as one purchased by their bow and their spear. We do not care who wears the wreath or rides in the triumphal car, so the battle is won and the captives set free. And we think, nay, we see clearly, that events are fast hastening to a crisis of a momentous nature, and we are sure that they can hardly work otherwise than well toward the deliverance of the slave, let them befall as they may.

How this great question is to be solved we cannot tell. Nor is it our business. It will solve itself in its full time. Our part of the work is to saturate the general mind with anti-slavery ideas, without concern as to the political shapes into which the solution will finally crystalize. The general mind is fixed upon this matter, and is, unconsciously, but inevitably, getting ready for action when the Hour strikes. The slaveholders are doing their full part towards this work of preparation, and it is a contribution of assistance which, in the nature of things, they cannot withhold from us. Our Anti-Slavery Meetings may, or may not, be as fully attended as in time past; but the virtue that has gone forth from them has made Congress and every State Legislature an Anti-Slavery Debating Society. The immediate Organs of vital Anti-Slavery may, or may not, have as large subscription lists as of old time; but their influence has made necessary shoals of political and religious papers, many of which are largely remunerative to their proprietors, simply from their knowing how to follow skilfully in the wake of the public sentiment as to slavery and its evil works. We, who lead the Anti-Slavery opinions of the country, must of necessity be content thus to make honey for others than ourselves. But the stir is made, the coil is kept up, and an average of anti-slavery intelligence and feeling is maintained which now shows itself in imperfect and maimed demonstrations at the polls, and will be yet more signally manifested in the fulness of time. This is the way of all revolutions, those ending on battle-grounds as well as those fought and won on the fields of parliamentary conflict. The mind of the nation, of the intelligent masses, must be filled with the ideas of the reformation sought, and in due season they shape old institutions afresh or destroy them altogether, as the needs of the time demand.

Suppose, for instance, the slaveholders should be made mad enough, by Divine Justice, to permit the country to engage in a war with England on the Cuban or Central American question (though it is an improbability of the most insanely absurd description, for all their bullying), a state of things might arise, both at the South and at the North, which might look directly at the abolition of slavery. British war-steamers prowling along the coasts of the Atlantic slave country would arouse a most dangerous state of excitement among the negroes, and a landing would almost inevitably lead to a rising against the masters. The greatest soldier England has produced since Marlborough, Sir Charles James Napier, who served on that coast in 1814, has left on record his opinion that there is the point at which to strike, and that success would be certain. Then the North would have to decide whether it would act as the auxiliary of the masters against the slaves, in a war waged against its own commerce and prosperity, or to make a peace on its own account and leave the slaveholders to do their own fighting. Out of this state of things the abolition of slavery might easily and naturally take place. So it might from the stimulus a war with England would give to the East Indian and Western African cotton culture. The folly and madness of the slaveholders and their tools may very soon, *must* at some time not remote, produce complications of affairs from which they cannot extricate themselves without Northern help. Our business is to put the Northern mind into such a frame that it will refuse to accord it, except on the condition of the abolition of slavery. We think that by the time the Hour comes the Man will be ready.

PROHIBITION OF SLAVE-HUNTING.

In the Assembly, on the 2d inst., Mr. POWELL, of Ontario, presented one of the petitions for a law to prevent the [illegible] in this State. Mr. POWELL remarked that we have on our statute books laws for the protection of fish, fowls and animals, but we have none for the protection of men and women, particularly that class referred to in the petition. He thought it time we had, and asked that the petition be referred to a Select Committee.

Mr. SPENCER hoped the motion would prevail. Vermont and Massachusetts had already passed Personal Liberty acts, and he hoped New York would enact such laws as would effectually banish slave-hunters from her soil forever. The motion prevailed without serious opposition, and the Speaker appointed Messrs. Powell, C. S. Spencer, Hutchinson, Boughton and Lamant, such Committee, from whom we may expect a report in accordance with the prayer of the petition.

AARON M. POWELL, on his return from Albany to his home in Columbia County, writes to us as follows:

"Our petition for the prohibition of slave-hunting was presented to the Assembly on Wednesday morning last, and met a more cordial reception than I had expected. It was referred to a Select Committee, and one which will spare no effort to secure the enactment of such a law as is asked for. There should be renewed efforts to obtain signatures throughout the State, during the next three weeks. We have arranged for a public hearing in the Assembly Chamber, with the Committee, to take place on *Friday afternoon or evening, Feb.* 25. The Rev. A. D. Mayo is engaged as one of the speakers."

Now is the time to send in petitions. We publish once more the following form, begging our friends, who have not already done so, to circulate it at once, and, after getting as many signatures as they can, to forward it for presentation to some member of the Senate or Assembly.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York.

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person who has been held as a slave shall be delivered up by any officer or Court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

DR. CHEEVER'S DISCOURSE upon the Iniquity of the Slave Trade and of Slavery, delivered on Sunday evening last in the Church of the Puritans on Union Square, was marked by the ethical thoroughness, the masterly sweep of argument, the fertility and pertinency of illustration, the uncompromising spirit, the unquestioning faith in God's moral law, and the glowing eloquence, which have distinguished all his recent utterances upon the great question of the age. Indeed, so sublimely earnest was he, so on fire with the love of freedom, and so fearless in his exposures and denunciations of our national wickedness, that it almost seemed as if his were the tongue of one of the Hebrew prophets. The audience, in spite of the storm, was large; but the discourse ought to be, and we hope will be, repeated in one of the largest audience rooms in the city, for the benefit of the thousands who could not hear it on its first delivery. We understand that Dr. Cheever proposes to deliver three other discourses at the same place on consecutive Sunday evenings. The discourse of next Sunday evening will be an exposure of the wickedness of the Slave Laws, including, of course, that master-piece of legislative iniquity, the Fugitive Slave enactment. The house will no doubt be crowded to its utmost capacity. It is encouraging, indeed, to note the indications that Dr. Cheever, by the fidelity which weak men denounce as "ultraism," is augmenting his influence and deepening his hold upon the confidence of intelligent and earnest men, who are sick of the paltering, hair-splitting, compromising course of *The Independent*, which, while affecting no small degree of hostility to slavery, ingeniously frames such a definition of the iniquity as affords a covert for those who do more than all others to sustain the system by giving it the sanction of the Christian name and profession, which strikes hands with the worst apologists of slavery (the Lords, Southside Adamses, the Springs, Kirks, &c.), and by letting down the Christian standard to the level of a worldly expediency, encourages the American Tract Society to persist in its policy of guilty connivance with slavery. Dr. Cheever's anti-slavery, unlike that of the Bacons and Thompsons who have so long deceived and misled well-meaning members of the evangelical Church, is not subordinated to ecclesiastical policy or clerical ambition, but equated to the uncompromising demands of God's law—a matter not of mere expediency, but of stern moral principle. His sword, consequently, has a Divine edge, and the hammer of truth in his hands falls upon the hard rock of slavery with a crushing force that fills the slaveholding camp with dismay.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

BOSTON, Massachusetts, where the Anti-Slavery cause of the North American States first came into being, has, from that very fact and its consequences, always enjoyed the credit with the world of being an anti-slavery city. In London, in Paris, in Rome, in Berlin, in St. Domingo—wherever the American Abolitionists go—they find the comfort of hailing from a city with whose good reputation they have identified themselves.

During all the years which have passed since the first promulgation of the principles of Freedom, the friends who were the first to adopt them have been anxious to secure for them a general application, since that alone can save the country and the world from retrogression into all the barbarisms of which slavery is the sum-total, and from which it was hoped that the civilized world had nearly emerged.

"But how shall men know unless they have a teacher, and how shall they have a teacher unless he be sent?" is still the practical side of every anti slavery effort, in a country where tyranny had silenced the pulpit, muzzled the press and nullified the post-office. So the anti-slavery families of Boston have always been desirous to keep the anti-slavery treasury supplied. This they have done for twenty-five years, after the measure of their ability, and with the aid of friends of the cause at home and abroad, by means of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, an instrumentality that could not be too highly estimated during the whole time of its continuance. In the unpretending character of a ladies' fancy fair, it has done all that such a means *could* effect for the promotion of the cause, in many senses far more important than even the pecuniary one.

We were rejoiced at the beginning of the present year to learn that a larger means of social and pecuniary cooperation had, in the course and fulness of time, become necessary; that the same principles, the same applications, the same object were to be more effectually promoted by the same friends who had hitherto conducted the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, through the means of a NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY. The first of this new series of the old works is reported to us, as below; being a sketch of the recent Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary, the observance of which now replaces the Bazaar in Boston.

The anti-slavery families of Boston and vicinity have for years found the numbers of the friends of the cause increasing far beyond the means of receiving and entertaining them which the Fair afforded; and, in relinquishing it, their hope was, annually to secure the pleasure of meeting those most valued friends to whom the cause has been their introduction, under conditions far more agreeable to the guests and more beneficent to the cause.

They therefore determined to engage the spacious and splendid Music Hall, to transform it into a succession of drawing-rooms (so to describe them), where, surrounded by their families, they might welcome their co-workers and sympathizing friends, from all parts of their country and the world, for conversation, and counsel—for cheer, hope and remembrance—for suggestion, enterprise and resolve—for union of means and of heart in the interests of the holiest and loftiest cause that ever saved and glorified a nation.

Of all who had united in the idea of this reception, one family alone was wanting to us when the day arrived—prevented by severe illness from assisting on this occasion the cause to which for so many years they have rendered such signal service. May recovered health speedily return them to us!

Meanwhile, the feelings which their vacant place awakened, as well as the sentiments with which the failure in the cause of what our Americans misname politics was regarded, were in unison with the letter of the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, to be found in another column.

But we of the *East* were favored also with the presence and the correspondence of friends from other quarters than the West. The *North* gave us cheer and encouragement, and the *South* held not back from sympathy and cooperation. The letter of H. R. Helper, Esq., expressing his unity of feeling with the friends he addresses, and containing the assurance that numbers in his native State of NORTH CAROLINA are ready to strike for freedom with the first opportunity, was listened to with the highest sympathy and satisfaction. Mr. Helper enclosed a generous donation, saying, with that devotedness that makes the largest sum seem to the giver insufficient, "I could not have ventured to send so small a sum but for the knowledge that with you no sum that is the emblem of sympathy is so accounted."

The letter of our ancient and honored friend Wm. P. Powell, formerly of NEW YORK, enclosing £20 from LIVERPOOL, is most valuable to us as a proof that, in what the friends of freedom have done to abolish slavery, they have the approbation of their oppressed clients.

Among the immense number of letters received, from names distinguished throughout the world and honored in the cause, scarcely any can be selected for publication without breach of confidence. Let the writers of them all be assured that they have not written in vain, since every word of approbation and encouragement, every token of agreement in great principles, and every statement of disagreement in details is of great value to the cause.

It was one of the most delightful features of this occasion that it brought face to face the earliest and the latest friends of the cause, and in many instances those who had long desired to meet without finding an opportunity.

The subscriptions of English friends received during the year, for this anniversary, amount to half its whole receipts. Neither the letters nor the gifts accompanying can ever be forgotten, nor can their consequences ever cease to work, during all futurity. They mark a new feeling of moral unity among the nations, stronger than the faulty diplomacy of former times has permitted men to cherish, in that principle of freedom, the faithful application of which is the only guarantee of the common safety.

These communications, of this and former years, have so awakened the best feelings of our beloved native land that we trust this year may be the last in which their subscriptions shall exceed those of America in amount and wisdom of direction. Neither the American nor the European friends of our NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, taken conjointly, constitute even an approximation towards the whole number of those who desire the triumph of the cause; but, up to this time, we and they *do* represent the whole number of those that love it so wisely as to know what every foe of liberty could teach them—that, whether they agree in every detail with it or not, THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY is to the country what the edge is to the instrument—the vanguard to the army—the balance-wheel to the movement; and should be strengthened and defended accordingly.

While renewing the expression of our thanks to all, both at home and abroad, who have sympathized on this anniversary with us, in the great religious and political principles which form the basis of the Anti-Slavery movement, we refer to the resolutions of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, hereafter appended, as a fitter acknowledgment than any that could in this place be offered.

We unite in the wish of a valued American friend, that "we all may do better next year"; so that, notwithstanding the disgraceful national compact, too criminal and too dangerous for one moment's allegiance, the present supreme hour of a nation's deadliest peril and brightest hope may not pass without awakening intellect and heart enough within it to ABOLISH SLAVERY.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

Of the Twenty-fifth National Anti-Slavery Anniversary (kept at Boston, January 26th, 1859).

Mrs. May,	$ 20 00
Mrs. Follen,	50 00
Mrs. H. G. Chapman,	200 00
Miss Chapman,	50 00
Mrs. Greene,	200 00
Miss Southwick,	3 00
Mrs. James M. Robbins,	20 00
Mrs. Samuel May, Jr.,	10 00
Miss Anne Warren Weston,	20 00
Mrs. Stowe,	50 00
Mrs. G. R. Russell,	*200 00
Helen E. Garrison,	5 00
Mrs. Convers Francis,	5 00
Miss Susan C. Cabot,	25 00
Mrs. Von Arnim,	5 00
Mrs. J. Smith,	5 00
Mrs. Brimhall,	25 00
Mrs. Loring,	50 00
Mrs. Eddy,	15 00
Mrs. F. G. Shaw,	*200 00
Miss Henrietta Sargent,	50 00

*Of which sums $300 were advanced, before they became due, to the American Anti Slavery Society by the ladies who subscribed them.

Samuel May, Esq., Hollis st., Boston,	20 00
Francis Jackson, 31 Hollis st., Boston,	50 00
Andrew Robeson, New Bedford,	50 00
John J. May, Dorchester,	10 00
The Misses May,	1 00
Rev. Samuel May, Leicester,	20 00
Frederic W. G. May, Esq., Boston,	25 00
Mrs. F. W. G. May, "	3 00
Mrs. M. G. White, "	3 00
Miss A. W. May, "	5 00
Miss M. J. Parkman, "	5 00
A. Warren Goddard, Esq., "	5 00
Mrs. William G. Weld, "	20 00
Rev. Increase Smith, Dorchester,	5 00
Miss M. A. Sylvester, "	2 00
Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket,	20 00
Joseph and Thankful Southwick, Grantville,	5 00
Mrs. R. H. Morrill, "	5 00
Rev. Samuel J. May, Syracuse,	10 00
Miss Robie, Boston,	10 00
Mr. Edmund Quincy, Dedham,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hovey, Boston,	100 00
Miss de Peyster, Staten Island, N. Y.	20 00
Richard Clap, Esq., Dorchester,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wyman, "	10 00
Miss Quincy, Boston,	10 00
Mrs. Lucinda Smith Otis, Boston,	20 00
Hon. John G. Palfrey, Cambridge,	5 00
H. R. Helper, Esq., North Carolina,	10 00
Mrs. R. W. Weston, N. Y.	50 00
Hon. Charles Francis Adams, "	10 00
George Winslow, Esq., Boston,	50 00
Mrs. Nathan Brooks, Concord, Mass.	10 00
Mrs. Arnold, New Bedford,	50 00
Hon. David Joy and Mrs. C. Joy, "	25 00
Mr. J. T. Hilton, Cambridge,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Draper, Hopedale,	100 00
Rev. Thomas Starr King, Boston,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Kingman, Cummington,	15 00
Joseph Cotton, Esq., Boston,	10 00
Rev. Convers Francis, Cambridge,	10 00
Miss Francis, "	2 00
Mr. William C. Coffin, New Bedford,	20 00
Mr. Edmund Taber, "	10 00
Mr. Alvan Howes and Mrs. Howes, Barnstable,	10 00
William Ashby, Newburyport,	5 00
Mehitable Haskell, Gloucester	5 00
Mr. J. W. Dodge, West Cambridge,	5 00
Manchester A. S. Soc., by Miss Lizzie A. Elwell,	20 00
Mrs. Lucretia Reed, Boston,	10 00
Mr. Perley King, Danvers,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merrill, Danversport,	5 00
Maria S. Page, Danversport,	1 00
T. B. Rice, Boston,	2 00
Mrs. Hamilton Willis, Boston,	5 00
E. B. Fay, Esq., "	15 00
Mr. J. L. Whiting, "	3 00
Mr. M. A. Sawin, "	5 00
Mr. Otis, Dorchester,	3 00
Mr. B. F. Danforth, Boston,	5 00
Mr. Richard P. Hallowell, Boston,	5 00
Mr. Daniel Thaxter, Hingham,	5 00
Mr. John C. Haynes, "	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. George M. Rogers, "	5 00
Mr. A. G. Cansivode, Newburyport,	3 00
Miss A. M. H. Williams, "	1 00
Mrs. Sarah Marston, Barnstable,	5 00
Russell Marston, "	5 00
Mrs. Lackley, "	5 00
T. C. Severance, Esq., Roxbury,	3 60
Mrs. Emerson, Boston,	1 00
J. Sparrell,	50
Mrs. H. A. Saddler,	3 00
P. B. Cogswell, Concord, Mass.,	2 00
Wm. Sparrell, Boston,	1 00
A. Bearse,	1 00
"A friend,"	1 00
Wm. Proctor, Reading,	3 00
J. Sawyer,	1 00
Spooner Shaw, Cummington,	1 00
Miss Emma Stewart,	1 50
Daniel Mitchell, Esq., Fall River,	5 00
Rev. Robert C. Waterston, Boston,	3 00
Hon. James M. Robbins, Milton,	10 00
Miss Catherine Robbins, "	1 00
Mrs. Daniel P. Parker, Boston,	10 00
Mrs. Denny,	20 00
Mrs. Margaret Hatch (for Portsmouth),	8 00
T. H. Hinckley, Milton,	5 00
"A friend,"	1 00
Mrs. Gamaliel Bradford, Boston,	3 00
Mrs. Wallis Guild,	50
"A friend,"	10 00
Benjamin Smith Lyman,	1 00
Edward Pierce, Esq., Milton,	1 00
Mrs. Horatio Jenkins, Chelsea,	10 00
"Two friends,"	1 00
Mrs. Melendy (by P. P.), N. H.	1 00
Louis and Mary W. McLauthlin, Pembroke,	2 50
Mr. and Mrs. Elias Richards, Weymouth,	8 00
Misses Lucia and Charlotte Bradford, Duxbury,	1 00
Mrs. J. S. Dwight, Boston,	9 00
Thomas Sherwin, Esq., Boston,	3 00
Mrs. Sherwin,	4 00
Mrs. Henry Bradish, Upton,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hall, Esq., N. Y.	5 00
Oliver Johnson, N. Y.	20 00
Mrs. Hannah M. Castell,	10 00
Elisha Clap, Esq., Gill,	10 00
M. E. and Hiram Brown, Huntington,	5 00
N. M. Merritt, "	5 00
Jarvis Lewis, "	5 00
William Neall, Esq., N. Y.	2 00
"A Citizen of Kansas,"	5 00
"A friend,"	1 00
Rev. Wm. Rounseville Alger, Boston,	10 00
Mrs. T. S. Drowne, Boston,	5 00
"A Friend,"	5 00
Samuel L. Hill, Florence,	60 00
Samuel Barrett, Concord,	5 00
Jacob Leonard, East Bridgewater,	10 00
Hannah L. Leonard,	1 00
Harriet Denham, East Abington,	1 00
Philander Shaw, N. Abington.	1 00
Lydia O. Lefavor, Stoneham,	15 00
Abby Newhall, "	1 00
FITCHBURG, by Mrs. Margaret P. Snow, of which sum $10 to be appropriated to Tract Fund,	55 00
WARREN, by Mary Ann B. Blair, to wit: C. and E. Cutter,	3 00
J. and M. Powers,	2 00
N. Richardson,	3 00
Mrs. E. Coombs,	1 00
Joseph Lombard,	1 00
H. and E. Ward,	1 00
Eliza Bliss,	50
M. A. Moore,	25
M. A. B. Blair,	1 25—12 00
J. Frederick Marsh,	5 00
"A friend,"	1 00
G. Walker, Boston,	1 00
E. H. Heywood, Hubbardston,	1 00
Mrs. Silloway, Cambridge,	3 00
Charles E. Hodges,	5 00
E. Gerry, Dudley,	5 00
Misses Andrews, Newburyport (C. K. W.),	5 00
Misses Sawin, Southboro',	2 50
H. S. and P. C. Whitney,	2 00
D. S. Whitney,	1 00
The Widow Fay,	25
Rev. S. S. Hunting, Manchester, Mass.	2 50
J. E. Eastabrook, Rutland,	1 00
Mrs. Twichell, Brookline,	1 00
Jonathan Buffum, Lynn,	5 00
J. M. Hawkes, Manchester, N. H.	3 00
J. Winslow, Lynn,	2 00
B. Schlesinger, Boston,	15 00
C. H. Estabrook, Roxbury,	1 00
H. G. Prentiss, Boston,	5 00
Isaac Osgood, Charleston,	2 00
"A friend,"	1 00
J. T. Everett, Princeton,	1 00
J. K. Holton, Boston,	25
'A friend,"	25
Mrs. John Thompson,	25
Mrs. Jackson,	2 00
"A friend,"	1 00
Jacob R. Andrews,	1 00
Miss Blood, Brookline,	1 00
M. W. Stetson, Hanover,	25
Sarah Lily,	2 00
M. C. Peirce, Lynn,	1 00
Mary E. Peirce, Lynn,	1 00
J. E. Oliver, "	1 00
J. Pierce, "	2 50
Olive Oliver, "	8 00
LYNN, by Miriam Johnson,	1 00
LYNN, by James N. Buffum.	80 00
LYNN, by Mrs. Garrison,	20 00
"A friend,"	25 00
"A friend," by L. W.	1 00
Mrs. John Jones, Roxbury,	50
Elbridge Sprague, Abington,	5 00
Charles Follen, Boston,	2 00
Charles Rawlins, Esq., Liverpool,	10 00
Charles W. Elliott, Esq., N. Y.	10 00
Mrs. James Nowell and family, Portsmouth,	10 00
Rev. Dr. Hedge, Brookline,	20 00
"A friend,"	2 00
Miss Lucy Osgood, Medford,	5 00
Henry I. Bowditch, Esq., M.D.	5 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Bartol, Boston,	5 00
"A friend,"	5 00
Miss Chace, Salem,	1 00
Mrs. Kinsman,	1 00
Lydia H. Chace,	1 00
Ezekiel and Alice H. E. Thacher,	5 00
Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Boston,	10 00
S. W. and A. Whitney,	1 00
M. C. Clark,	5 00
Mrs. W. Wason,	1 00
Mrs. Fitts,	1 00
George J. Fisher, Esq.,	75
Mrs. Melvon,	10 00
Rev. Mr. Huidekoper, Meadville, Penn.	5 00
" " for a friend,	1 00
Mrs. Frederic Cabot, Boston,	1 00
Mr. Francis Cabot, "	2 00
Miss Martha Cockran, "	1 00
Follen Cabot, "	50
Edward Atkinson, Esq., Brookline,	1 00
"A friend,"	10 00
Mrs. Dabney, "	50 00
Mrs. Fields, "	2 00
J. M. Aldrich, "	3 00
James Tolman, "	5 00
David Thayer, "	10 00
Mrs. Daniel Hill,	3 00
"A friend,"	2 00
"A young friend,"	2 00
Samuel Carter, Boston,	10 00
Mary Ann Carter, Boston,	10 00
Sarah M. Babcock, "	10 00
Mary B. Merriam, "	10 00
Alfred and Abby W. Wyman, Worcester,	20 00
Mrs. William Ives, Salem,	2 00
Mrs. Stephen Clapp, Dorchester,	3 00
"A friend,"	2 00
Mr. Bocknell,	1 00
Seth D. Chandler, Nashua, N. H.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Forbush, Westminster,	5 00
"Two friends,"	1 00
C. L. Joslin, Leominster,	1 00
Mrs. W. S. Brown,	3 00
Gilbert Smith,	1 00
Mrs. Doton, Lowell,	3 00
Lydia L. Walker, Leominster,	3 00
Friends in Boston, by Miss Tufts, to wit:	
Mrs. J. P. Blanchard,	2 50
Miss A. M. Cotton,	2 50
Mr. Robertson,	50
Mr. Henry Harris,	50
Mr. S. B. Lewis,	1 00
Mr. J. P. Coburn,	1 00
Mr. J. D. Revallon,	50
Mr. J. P. Trask,	1 00
Mr. Coffin Pitts,	50
Mr. J. P. Smith,	1 00
WEST BROOKFIELD, by E. H. Heywood.	
William Foster,	2 00
Rev. William B. Stone,	3 00
Colman W. Gilbert,	3 00
Francis Stone,	50
Jane A. M. Robinson,	2 00
J. and T. C. M. Henshaw,	4 00
E. F. Henshaw,	50
L. Wetmore, Wollcottville, Conn,	3 00
LEOMINSTER, by Rev. Stephen Barker.	
Joel Smith,	3 65
Isaac Smith,	1 00
Stephen Barker,	2 00
Solon Carter,	1 00
C. C. Field,	50
Mrs. Lydia Walker,	1 00
J. C. Allen,	1 00
Mrs. E. R. Knapp,	50
James H. Carter,	50
Abel Bowers,	50
Geo. H. Taylor,	50
Edward Wilder,	50
Bartemas Carter,	2 00
A. J. Newhall,	25
A. M. Polley,	1 00
Nathan Sprague,	50
Jonas Colburn,	50
Daniel Maynard,	50
William Booth,	50
A. P. Newhall,	25
C. H. Merriam	25
W. H. Yean,	30
M. M. Chase,	33
C. B. Cook,	34
Other friends,	33
HINGHAM, Elizabeth Cushing,	80
Mary T. Tidmarsh,	5 00
Ada Whiton,	3 00
Louisa R. Beal,	3 00
Dora Wilder,	2 00
Mrs. Ednah Cheney,	1 00
Mary R. Whiting,	3 00
Miss Jane Alexander,	50
Mr. H. G. Denny,	1 00
Rev. N. Hall, Dorchester,	10 00
Mrs. Hall, "	3 00
Miss Groom, "	2 00
Mrs. L. B. Merriam, "	5 00
Mrs. John Wright, "	10 00
Mrs. John Coburn, "	50
Mrs. Firth and Mrs. Theodore Brown, "	3 00
A. B. Humphrey, "	1 00
H. Porter, "	1 00
M. S. McFarland, "	15 00
Sophia S. McFarland, "	15 00
Mrs. Rhoda Powers, "	25 00
T. R. Watson, "	1 00
Cash, "	3 00
Mrs. Dr. Whitcomb and Brookline friends,	5 00
PORTLAND, Maine, by Rev. Frederick Frothingham and friends,	35 00
Julia A. Blanchard, Lebanon, Ct., by J. H. Howland,	1 00
Fidelia Blanchard, " "	1 00
A friend, by Louisa Ricketson, New Bedford,	1 00
Joshua Coolidge, Jr., Watertown,	10 00
Anna E. Sibley, Chelsea,	5 00
Charles E. Jenkins, Boston,	10 00
Mrs. Gilbert, Cambridge,	3 00
Miss Sarah T. Davee, Plymouth,	1 00
Theodore B. Moses, Great Falls, N. H.	2 50

EUROPEAN SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Through Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co.

Thomas and Esther Storge, NORTHFLEET HOUSE (near Gravesend), KENT, England,	£200 0 0
Mrs. George Martineau,	20 0 0

III.

Will you your New England see
Crouching low to Slavery!
Rise and say it shall not be!
More than life's at stake,
Rise and every fetter break!
Rise, for Truth and Honor's sake!
Every freeborn soul awake!
Awake! Awake! Awake!

IV.

Listen to our solemn call,
Take no thought what may befall;
Consecrate yourself, your all,
To God and Liberty!
On your spirit's bended knee,
Swear ye death to Slavery—
Swear your country shall be free—
Be free! Be free! Be free!

V.

Soon, to bless our longing eyes,
Freedom's glorious sun shall rise;
Now it lights these gloomy skies
Faintly from afar!
Faith and love her heralds are:
Lo! e'en now her morning star—
Lo! e'en now her morning star!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

"Only by these lines shall I be able to be present at it; but I dedicate them to those who, for twenty-five years, have striven to arouse—who during that time have almost been—the conscience of the nation."—*Letter of Mr. Longfellow.*

A quarter of the circling sphere
Has rounded onward to the light;
We see not yet the morning clear,
We only see the paling night.

But Hope, that aye relumes her fires,
And Faith, that shines a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage reinspires—
These stars have shined above us still.

O sentinels, whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now! exchange with cheer the word,
The unchanging watch-word LIBERTY!

Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou! whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds—
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

RESOLUTIONS

Of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., presented the following resolutions from the Business Committee, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That, the past year's history having clearly shown the world the truth we have proclaimed from the beginning—that the peace and safety of every European nation depend on the abolition of American slavery—this Society feels therefore bound, by the favorable opportunity as well as by its devotedness to the world's welfare, renewedly and unceasingly to invoke the aid of all men everywhere for the destruction of a common nuisance.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, for the twenty-seventh time in annual meeting assembled, are ever due to our honored and beloved British friends, for the moral support and the material aid they have so generously, from the very beginning, hastened to render to the Common Cause; and that the more direct and increasing co-operation of the present year now demands a renewed and fervent expression of our gratitude, for that Cause's sake, although we well know that in this Godlike purpose they have not in view the thanks or gratitude of man.

Resolved, That this Society observes with profound satisfaction the clear and resolute discrimination with which the free and independent press of England, as contradistinguished from *The Times* newspaper, has, during the past year, handled the subject of American slavery; and we thank those friends throughout the British empire whose organ it is, for the magnificent service they have rendered to humanity.

Resolved, That we thank the anti-slavery mind of our mother country, as manifested recently in Yorkshire, at a local meeting, representing a general feeling, of the LEEDS YOUNG MEN'S ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY, and conveyed to us in the speech of SIR PETER FAIRBAIRN, Mayor of LEEDS, as chairman of that meeting; in which he offers his testimony to the importance of the Anti-Slavery Work, and to the value of Freedom, expressing his happiness to assist others in securing it, whether for black or white.

We thank that public mind for its apprehension of freedom in the resolution offered by THE EARL OF CARLISLE: "That freedom, being the gift of God, it is the inalienable right of every man; that to deprive a man of this right is contrary to all laws, human or Divine; and that therefore we regard slavery as an unmitigated evil, demanding the condemnation of every human being who respects the laws of God, or recognizes the principles of natural justice or the equal rights of man"; at the same time assuring that long devoted friend of the Cause that the unworthy course of some of the members of the Republican party in Congress is no index to the feelings of their anti-slavery districts battling for this Cause; among whom every such rebuke of ingratitude and injustice as he utters is hailed across the world of waters by all the militant, as most effectual to make this sacred Cause, triumphant.

We thank those men of Yorkshire, ever true in heart and brain to the words of Freedom, in whose behalf was made this true recognition of the world's universal brotherhood—this grand resolve to promote it—by MR. EDWARD BAINES, of Leeds; who, in behalf of the meeting, said: "That recognizing the universal brotherhood of man, and that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell in the earth,' we are called upon (so far as in our power lies) to remove any evil which interferes with the interests of our fellow-men; and that, considering slavery a great social evil, we are justified in using every moral and legitimate means for its overthrow, wherever it exists."

We thank those British allies in the moral struggle for Liberty in the North American States, for their impressive statement to the world of a fact it ought to know, in the resolution supported by MR. W. E. FORTAR: "That so long as the free States of America continue to aid the slave States to keep in bondage from three to four millions of their fellow-citizens, we must consider the American Union to be the stronghold of Negro Slavery; and that we therefore deeply deplore that a nation of our own race, and language, and religion, and bound to us by so many ties of common interest and sympathy, should be thus the chief upholder of this destructive and sinful system."

We thank the British friends of Religion, who, feeling that slavery being the worst of all sin, the defence of it must be the worst of all heresy, have warned Christendom in the following uncompromising strain—resolving "That the system of slavery, as it now exists in America, is grievously opposed to the whole spirit of the Gospel of Christ, and is an oppressive iniquity which no Christian ought to palliate or connive at; and that this meeting deeply deplores the fact that so many of the American Churches should be the abettors and defenders, and even perpetrators of this sin of slavery;" and we entreat the Rev. E. W. Condor, the Rev. P. Chown, and Mr. Ald. Harrison, by whom the resolve was sustained, to feel assured that these are the accents that stir the chain of sympathy which communicates unfailingly between the town halls of Britain and the depths of the slaves' sufferings and the Abolitionists' hearts.

And, finally, while praying the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, as represented to us by the honored name of Armistead, with all the excellent and venerated friends who speak to us from its platform, to receive a new expression of gratitude from this eldest branch of the American Anti-Slavery Society's affiliation, for their "sympathy with the Abolitionists, their pity for the slave, and their allegiance to undying Freedom"—and while thanking them for the exercise of the same political discrimination in dealing their blows against slavery which the American Anti-Slavery Society practises and ever means to practise, as by its Constitution bound, we feel most of all cheered by their assurance that they, like ourselves, claim and will ever exercise the right of moral, incorporeal interference with slavery WHEREVER IT EXISTS.

Resolved, That (in the language of John Quincy Adams) "the Constitution of the United States sanctions a dishonorable compromise with slavery; it is morally and politically vicious, inconsistent with the principles on which alone our Revolution can be justified, cruel and oppressive, by riveting the chains of slavery, by pledging the faith of freedom to maintain the tyranny of the master, and grossly unequal and impolitic, by admitting that slaves are at once enemies to be kept in subjection, property to be secured and returned to its owners, and persons not to be represented themselves, but for whom their masters are privileged with nearly a double share of representation"; therefore,

Resolved, That such a Constitution should instantly be spurned by the people of Massachusetts, and of every other free State, and the Union subsisting in virtue of it between the North and the South should be dissolved forever.

Resolved, That (to quote the language of Mr. Adams) "if slavery be the destined sword, in the hand of the destroying angel, which is to sever the ties of this Union, the same sword will cut asunder the bonds of slavery itself; that "if the Union must be dissolved, slavery is precisely the question upon which it ought to break"; and that "if the dissolution of the Union should result from the slave question, it is as obvious as anything that can be seen of futurity that *it must shortly afterwards be followed by a universal emancipation of the slaves.*"

Resolved, That the solemn and weighty memorial of the colored citizens of Massachusetts to the Legislature, asking of that body indignantly to protest against the doctrines of the Dred Scott decision, and to vindicate their constitutional rights as citizens of the Commonwealth and of the United States, deserves the most respectful consideration, and the most hearty response on the part of the Legislature. "Weak and defenceless as they are," to quote the language of Mr. Adams, "so much the more sacred the obligation of the Legislature to defend their lawful rights. I would defend them, should the dissolution of the Union be the consequence; for it would be not to the defence, but to the violation of their rights to which all the consequences would be imputable; and if the dissolution of the Union must come, let it come from no other cause but this."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

WORCESTER, Feb. 7, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE types of your last number, by a slight mistake, made me express that very popular, but very infidel and pernicious, doctrine of the American Tract Society, that fidelity to principle may, under some circumstances, be productive of bad results—a sentiment which I should be very unwilling to endorse.

In the third paragraph of my letter, instead of "where faithfulness is fraught with the most disastrous consequences," it should have read, where *faithlessness* is fraught, &c. As some of your readers may not be able to correct the error for themselves, will you have the kindness to make the correction?

S. S. FOSTER.

NEW YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE Third Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York assembled at Association Hall, Albany, on Monday evening, January 31, and was called to order, at half-past seven o'clock, by JOSEPH W. PECKHAM, of Washington County.

The following organization was subsequently adopted by the Convention:

President—AARON M. POWELL.

Vice-Presidents—JOSEPH W. PECKHAM, of Washington County; LYDIA MOTT, of Albany.

Secretaries—JONATHAN WILDS, of Saratoga; ELIZABETH M. POWELL, of Columbia.

Business Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Phebe H. Jones, Parker Pillsbury, Townsend Powell.

Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Emma Wilde, Wilbur Dennis.

Opportunity for vocal or silent prayer was offered.

AARON M. POWELL made brief opening remarks, setting forth the characteristic features and stating the purpose of the anti-slavery movement.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., then addressed the Convention at considerable length, in a speech of great eloquence and power. His argument was in support of State independence and disunion. The feasibility and the duty of State legislation for the prohibition of slave-hunting were most clearly and ably illustrated. We could wish that a verbatim report of this speech might appear herewith. It was most attentively listened to, and met with a hearty response.

In answer to loud calls from the audience,

Mr. GARRISON then addressed the Convention, in a very happy and effective manner in a speech of half an hour

Adjourned till 2 1-2 o'clock p. m., Tuesday.

TUESDAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

The PRESIDENT in the chair.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, read a series of resolutions, which will be found below.

The PRESIDENT invited all present to a full and free participation in the discussion of the resolutions or any aspect of the question.

WENDELL PHILLIPS again addressed the Convention, until obliged to leave to fulfil an engagement elsewhere. He spoke of the position and influence of the Church and clergy as for slavery and against freedom, and alluded to the need of a quickened sense of individual responsibility. He referred, with hearty commendation, to Vermont for her recent legislation in reference to fugitive slaves. He hoped New York would early return to her original State sovereignty—to her manhood. Mr. Phillips referred to, and answered most effectually, the objection brought forward so frequently, that we are not practical, are doing nothing, that we present nothing new. Great evils cannot be corrected immediately. He instanced gratifying changes which had been wrought by the influence of the anti-slavery movement—the marriage law between persons differing in complexion, the removal of prejudice against color in schools, and on the railways, and the great change in public sentiment which has taken place, and is rapidly going on, in relation to the whole question of slavery. We want individual honesty. Are we not practical when we say to every voter that he should hang his head when he thinks that the U. S. Treasury pays for the sending back of Margaret Garner? We want, not dead laws, but living, breathing men and women.

Mr. GARRISON said—I will not assume that we all see eye to eye in this matter, but I will assume that there is a drawing nearer together. A small gathering does not discourage me. My faith is not in numbers, but in God. We are numerous enough to give forth a testimony that shall bear joy and hope to every slave, terror and dismay to every tyrant heart. Our work is one of education. We need teachers in the first elements of civil liberty. We profess liberty, but we fail to be men when we fail to be universal. This universality was the consummate beauty of Christ. The slaveholders never hold meetings to argue, because no one is to be converted. This is because the whole spirit of the South is slavery. Wherever we hold our meetings, we have to try to persuade people that they should love liberty.

Men want something new. What shall we bring that is new? Well, a babe is born to-day, an offering on the altar of slavery. It is a *new* babe! *New* shrieks are filling the air! *Fresh* blood is flowing! Men are burned by slow fires! Nothing new is there in this cause! The men who bring this charge do not say of the Fourth of July, of their Sabbath, "They are nothing new." They lack hearts, or have hearts of adamant. We do not come for novelty, but to "Remember them in bonds, as bound with them," to feel ourselves degraded with the slave.

We have cause for encouragement. Slavery is entirely indefensible. The consummation of all villany, there is no argument to make. Though they say they can appeal to the Bible, they are cowards all, they are liars all, and they know it; so they say, "Speak, and I'll knock your brains out," while those in a good cause say to those opposed, "What are your objections?" Not that we glory in our own strength, but in the Omnipotence of God! The tyrant has never laughed us to scorn; he has only trembled. This promises victory in time. Our hope is in man's inherent nature. God made man for freedom, and he will be free. I have hope, for the best of all is, God is with us. Talk of armies and principalities—they are as chaff before the whirlwind. I take courage in the change in public opinion. Christianity must be the power which will bring about the triumph. American religion has merely assumed the name of Christ. Else, why the numerous outside societies? We must have another Messiah in the form of weak, helpless, lacerated man. I owe everything to the poor slave. In him I see my Savior.

Adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.—J. W. PECKHAM in the chair.

Mr. GARRISON again read the resolutions.

PARKER PILLSBURY said—So small a meeting in so large a city may seem discouraging, but the truth is that, in all cases, the force that is not seen is much greater than that which is seen. This is true in the outward world, but more apparent in the moral world. Probably the numbers in the work at the final triumph will be smaller than at any other time. The world's progress has been made by small events. The truth of God will have the credit of all advancement. Underlying the catholic sentiment of the Apostolic Succession is a truth. There is a succession of moral triumphs, as of the seasons, and this will continue. My value of the Bible begins where the value given it by the Church ends. No meaning is given by the Church to the exclamation, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." It takes one Democrat to chase one Republican; one Methodist to chase one Baptist.

The genuine Abolitionist is never discouraged. A very small man was once made a constable, and, on being taunted with his diminutive size, he replied, "As a man, I weigh little; but as an officer, a ton." So with Abolitionists. They have a divine idea, which makes them mighty. We must wait, and watch, and pray. You may think the anti-slavery movement made up of the spare hands of humanity; that it is nothing to you; but this is your mistake, your misfortune. You must learn to look within for your sphere of action. In the Temperance cause, Maine laws cannot effect the desired end, but we want such a thorough, divine purification that young people can pass, unscathed, in the presence of vice.

Slavery has sent its roots under the earth, and under the seas, and has twined itself about foreign commerce and foreign religion. This evil cannot be corrected by legislation, and the education needed by the people is not given in our common schools, nor in our colleges Slavery, in the beginning of the governmental family, was a loathed and hated abortion, but now has become omnipotent, and has turned the rest of the household out of doors. Do we suppose that by the casting of votes we can rid ourselves of it? We must learn the difference between policy and principle. The principle of the Abolitionist is the only one which is founded on faith in God. The Church is the mistress of the State, and sanctions whatever the State decrees. When the Church and Tract Society are the authors of such sentiments as they advance, who can wonder at the atrocities committed: that an agricultural society should offer $25 reward for the best specimen of an imported young African! The slave-trade has the authority of the Church. It is childish fancy to suppose that outside political measures will overthrow this. Our work is thorough; we must lay the axe at the root of the tree, and faith in God must be our only hope. The man who can say, "I am determined to know only this principle of universal brotherhood," and can take to his heart the meanest as well as the most exalted, will be able to do a wondrous work. Whether we see the results of our labors or not is of no consequence; our word of truth may sow seed which will spring up and bring forth fruit when natur alists shall be searching among the ruins of New York.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY introduced the subject of finance, and proceeded to take a collection.

Mr. GARRISON followed, vindicating his own right, and consequently that of every other human being, to freedom. The South says "mind your own business." It is my business to know my own rights, and to be mindful of the rights of others. To the ends of the earth my voice should be heard proclaiming against tyranny. God says, "Break the bonds of the oppressor;" my business is to obey God.

He spoke of New York as, in itself, a magnificent empire, yet the fugitive slave must pass on to Canada. Vermont offers protection to all such as are now within her borders, or who may hereafter, in any way, come there. Why may not, and why should not, New York do the same? Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, P. M.

The PRESIDENT in the chair.

The resolutions were again read by Mr. GARRISON.

AARON M. POWELL spoke of the petition for the prohibition of slave-hunting, which had this morning been presented in the Legislature and had met with an auspicious reception and reference. More copies of the petition had been sent in, which would be presented from day to day. He hoped that many more signatures would be obtained and forwarded during the present month, and that every member of the Convention would consider himself or herself a committee for such a work, and enlist as many more co-workers therein as possible. Multitudes were willing and ready to give their names, and only the persons sufficiently interested and self-sacrificing were wanted to vigorously circulate the petition. As an educating process for the people, it was well worth our while, and sooner or later our soil would be secured from farther desecration by the slave-hunter.

J. W. PECKHAM made an interesting statement of an attempt to capture a fugitive slave, at Easton, Washington County, a few months since.

PARKER PILLSBURY spoke of the liability and probability of slave insurrections. Preparations for such were, he knew, now actively and extensively going on. He urged that all who respond to and commend our fathers in their efforts of rebellion and revolution should extend their sympathy, and, if need be, lend their coöperation, in the event of corresponding struggles on the part of the slave population.

Mr. MCGOWIN, of Albany, made remarks, recommending charity, and in vindication of compensated emancipation.

Mr. GARRISON replied briefly, but in a happy manner. Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The PRESIDENT in the chair.

The resolutions were again read.

A young man, who announced himself as Mr. CANFIELD, of Mississippi, spoke in defence of slavery, and in opposition to the disunion and revolutionary doctrines of the Abolitionists.

PARKER PILLSBURY answered his objections, and proceeded to speak at some length, and very eloquently and forcibly, upon the religious aspects of the cause.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY again spoke of the need of funds, and solicited subscriptions for THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *Liberator*.

Mr. BYNUM, of New Orleans, spoke of the cruel treatment of slaves which he had himself witnessed.

Mr. ANDREWS, of Albany, made remarks, mainly addressed to the colored people, urging efforts on their own part for self-support and self-culture.

Mr. GARRISON then addressed the Convention at some length, and in a very earnest and impressive manner, in support of the doctrine of "No Union with slaveholders."

The resolutions herewith reported were then unanimously adopted.

Whereas (to quote the language of John Quincy Adams) "the bargain between freedom and slavery contained in the Constitution of the United States is morally and politically vicious; inconsistent with the principles on which alone our Revolution can be justified; cruel and oppressive, by riveting the chains of slavery; and grossly unequal and impolitic, by admitting that slaves are at once enemies to be kept in subjection, property to be secured and returned to their owners, and persons not to be represented themselves, but for whom their masters are privileged with nearly a double share of representation"; and

Whereas (to quote the language of Wm. Ellery Channing) "we in the Free States cannot fly from the shame or guilt of the institution of slavery, while there are provisions of the Constitution binding us to give it support. On this subject, our fathers, in framing the Constitution, swerved from the right. We, their children, see the path of duty more clearly than they and must walk in it. No blessings of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow creatures"; and

Whereas (to quote the language of Josiah Quincy, Sen.) "the arm of the Union is the very sinew of the subjection of the slaves; it is the slaveholder's main strength; its continuance is his forlorn hope"; and

Whereas (to quote the language of Mr. Underwood of Kentucky, as uttered on the floor of Congress) "the dissolution of the Union, making the Ohio river and Mason and Dixon's line the boundary line, is the dissolution of slavery. It had been the common practice for Southern men to get up on this floor, and say: 'Touch this subject and we will dissolve the Union as a remedy.' Their remedy was the destruction of the thing which they wished to save, and any sensible man could see it;" and

Whereas (to quote the language of Mr. Arnold of Tennessee, on the same occasion) "the South has nothing to rely on, if the Union be dissolved, for, supposing that dissolution to be effected, a million of slaves are ready to rise and strike for freedom at the first tap of the drum": therefore,

1. Resolved, That in advocating the dissolution of the Union, the Abolitionists are justified by every precept of the gospel, by every principle of morality, by every claim of humanity; that such a Union is a "covenant with death," which ought to be annulled, and "an agreement with hell," which a just God cannot permit to stand; and that it is the imperative and paramount duty of all who would keep their souls from blood-guiltiness, to deliver the oppressed out of the hand of the spoiler, and usher in the day of jubilee; to seek its immediate overthrow, by all righteous instrumentalities.

2. Resolved, That (to quote the language of William H. Seward) "they who think this agitation is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether: it is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the free and slave States; and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral." Therefore,

3. Resolved, That no matter how sincerely or zealously any political party may be struggling with side issues, in relation to slavery, to prevent its extension, or otherwise cripple its power, while standing within the Union and sanctioning its pro slavery compromises, and refusing to attack the institution itself, its position is morally indefensible, it rests upon a sandy foundation, its testimonies are powerless, and its example fatal to the cause of liberty; hence we cannot give it any support.

4. Resolved, That "better a thousand times that all North America should be obliterated by a concurrence of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, as a dead, revenging sea over buried cities, than that we, after all our light and liberty, should live only by removing the truth that gave us being, or should set the example to a terrified and struggling world of a nation claiming and daring to exist only by sustained and sanctified oppression."

5. Resolved, That the people of New York have no more right to sanction and tolerate slave-hunting, by any process of law, or to fulfil any stipulation, than they have to legalize piracy, murder, or any other deed of villany; that in so doing they trample upon the Divine Law, become accessories to manstealing, and involve themselves in the awful guilt of the slave system of the South; therefore,

6. Resolved, That the officers of this Convention be authorized, in its behalf, to prepare a memorial to the Legislature now in session, requesting that body to pass a law prohibiting slave-hunting in this State, on any pretence and in all cases whatsoever, and securing the personal liberty of every person coming into the State, against arrest or molestation by any State or Federal process, except in case of crime.

7. Resolved, That they also be authorized to prepare a letter to be sent to every clergyman in this State, respectfully but earnestly urging him to preach against the surrender of fugitive slaves to their masters, as a sin against God, of the deepest dye, and to exert his influence to procure signatures to the petition now circulating in this State, asking the Legislature to put an end to this wicked and detestable practice, at once and forever.

Whereas, Christianity, as taught by its founders, cuts up every form of oppression by the roots, and asserts the oneness and equality of mankind; therefore,

8. Resolved, That those Churches which are in religious fellowship with slaveholders, or which are inimical to the Anti-Slavery movement, cannot be Christian Churches, and to expose and repudiate them becomes a Christian duty.

9. Resolved, That the admission of the Rev. Albert Barnes, that there is no power outside of the American Church that could sustain slavery one hour, were it not for the sanction and support given to slavery by that Church, is as true as it is awful, and proves the general corruption of the organized religious bodies in the land.

10. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Rev. Dr. Cheever) "if the ministers of the Gospel, instead of the policy of silence, had poured out their vials, as God's commissioned angels, and let the thunderings, lightnings and earthquakes shake the heavens and the earth, this iniquity of slavery would long since have been arrested. It is only under the repression and forced silence of the Word of God that it has been able to advance with such giant strides, till it has taken possession of the Senatorial, Representative, Executive and Judicial branches of our Government."

The PRESIDENT made brief closing remarks, hoping that the experiences of the past year, and the lessons of this Convention, now about to close, will have served to better fit us for the labors and the more complete discharge of the duties of the year before us, and so, under God, shall liberty finally prevail.

Adjourned, *sine die.*

AARON M. POWELL, President.

JONATHAN WILDS,
ELIZABETH M. POWELL, } Secretaries.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Anti-slavery preaching in Washington—Slavery denounced as a sin per se—Slaveholders losing temper and resorting to the common but very bad habit of cursing—Stephen Arnold Douglas—His position last winter, and this—the wily politician "not dead yet"—His conduct during the outrage upon Mr. Sumner—Keitt, the murder of Sumner, and a Massachusetts representative kissing each other—The Amistad claim and the Cuba bill dead—The States on Buchanan's favorite newspapers—A National Anti-Slavery Convention—Recent slave cases.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8, 1857.

THOSE citizens or strangers in Washington who are so disposed can hear a radical anti-slavery preacher any Sunday when they will take the trouble to go to the High Street Congregational Church. All winter the Rev. Geo. W. Bassett has occupied the pulpit of this church, and he has been, for three or four weeks, and now is, engaged in delivering a series of sermons upon slavery, which, in any city a particle less wicked than this, would draw a full house. The preacher is a man of fine talents, and is in every sense of the word "a come-outer." He sustains no ecclesiastical relations toward the pro-slavery sects of the land, but is *independent* of them all. His sermons are bold, manly and radical. Unlike Dr. Thompson of *The Independent* and his school of clergymen, he attacks slavery as a sin *per se*, and a monstrous one at that, and contends that it is the duty of State and Church to overthrow it. His decided opinions in this respect do not suit the Republicans here, when I except a few of the most radical members. Mr. Bassett has struggled against every kind of obstacle thrown in his way by enemies and professed friends, and still continues to utter God's truth against the gigantic crime of the nation. The other day, while showing up in its true light the height and the depth and the breadth of the outrage which the slaveholder commits upon his victim, he was interrupted by one of his hearers with the exclamation, "That's a d—d lie!" This was audible to several persons, and it turned out the next day that the gentleman (!) who uttered it was a Virginia slaveholder, one of a class who pride themselves upon their notions of gentility and honor. I will, upon some future occasion, give a history of the Anti-Slavery Church enterprise in Washington, as well as a sketch of some of the wolves in sheep's clothing who devour the lambs of Christ's flock in this city; for the present I must hasten to other matters.

The Washington letter writers and the journals have all had their say about Mr. Douglas, and why shall I not have mine? Especially, because I differ from most of these political critics.

Last winter, when every anti-slavery man was disposed to see through the sham democracy of Mr. Douglas and exhibit him in his true colors, a half-dozen Republican Senators and Representatives were ready to defend him and assert that he was just as good a Republican as anybody in the country. It was only a question of time, and the Illinois Senator was managing to bring over the party in Illinois to Republicanism. It was reported that he said to Senator Wilson, "I have bought my tickets and had my baggage checked *through!*" In short, there was any amount of breeches-pocket testimony in favor of Douglas, and in view of it every sceptic was silenced by the words, "Douglas is all right—wait a little—he is just as good a Republican as *you* are!"

A year has passed away, and these very gentlemen have entirely forgotten their prophecies respecting Mr. Douglas, and now assert, with still greater decision, that he has killed himself—that he is dead—that he can never be President. These statements, like those of last winter, need to be taken with a great deal of allowance. Mr. Douglas *is not* politically dead. He is still the favorite of the Northern Democracy, and the Southern Democrats will accept him as President a great deal quicker than defeat by the Republicans. The truth is, the Republicans have been cheated by Arnold Douglas, as he cheats everybody he deals with. They might have known better than trust a man who stood coolly by and witnessed the hellish outrage upon Charles Sumner. Such a man is a brute, and nothing short of a miracle can change him into a man. He was over-estimated last winter. In the midst of the Lecompton fight a shrewd Northern politician exclaimed to some of his political friends who were praising Douglas, "He is a coward, a hypocrite, and a knave." There is not a Republican in Congress *now* who does not admit the truth of the remark. Mr. Douglas is only courageous when he has a majority at his back. He cheats his friends as well as his enemies. And he is, as a politician, without a jot of principle. The Democrats of New Hampshire and Connecticut, elated by his triumph in Illinois and convinced that Buchananism has had its day, are taking a position by Mr. Douglas, and mean to rise by the old cry of Popular Sovereignty. At the same moment Mr. Douglas is successfully paying court here to the Fire-Eaters. They attend his parties, and are closeted with him precisely as some of the Republicans were last winter. *The States* newspaper is very friendly to him, and it is edited by one of the ablest slaveholding editors in the whole South—Roger Pryor, Esq. The Richmond *Enquirer*, another first-class journal, the ablest in Virginia, supports Mr. Douglas as against James Buchanan. In short, Senator Douglas "aint dead yet." He has enough vigor and life to tire out a dozen better and abler men. The only thing which will kill off the Senator is the anti-slavery sentiment of the free States. If this is appealed to properly, he will be crushed; but if the Republicans think they can beat him with his own tools—by crying up popular sovereignty, as Eli Thayer advises—they are sadly mistaken. It should never be forgotten that Mr. Douglas abetted the attempted murder of Sumner, and, until he repents of the deed, no enemy of slavery should ever give him a single word of praise.

I am reminded here to say that Keitt, the infamous, is at last upon good terms with several of the Massachusetts members. For a long time no member from Sumner's State would speak to or in any manner recognize the scoundrel who stood, pistol in hand, over Sumner while Brooks perpetrated his foul deed. But that day is past. Looking down from the stranger's gallery one day last week—in the House—I saw a Massachusetts member go deliberately over to the Democratic side and approach Keitt. The South Carolinian rose, and the two men shook hands as cordially as if they had been colleagues, or brothers, and they conversed as pleasantly as if Charles Sumner were not to-day dying by inches, in a foreign land, from the ruffianly attack of Brooks and this same Keitt. A seat at this moment vacant in the United States Senate, the seat of a Massachusetts Senator, and the villain who helped to make it vacant exchanging courtesies, in the other branch of the National Legislature, with one of Sumner's colleagues! In one sense this is but a trivial matter, but straws show the direction of the wind.

The Amistad case will not come up for consideration in Congress this year. Senator Mason, the very first day of the session, jumped to his feet and made it the special order for a week later, but it has been postponed until all hope of getting it up this winter is gone. Several speeches are prepared upon it, one by Mr. Seward having lain in type for a month, not only in this city, but in the offices of the leading Republican newspapers over the country. Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, has an elaborate argument against the claim ready for delivery, but he must rest content without the honors of delivery this winter.

Cuba has no better chance than the Amistad claim. When such journals as the Richmond *Enquirer* and the Washington *States* denounce the measure, be sure that it stands no chance of becoming a law. At first, the bill which Mr. Slidell had taken so much pains to prepare was received by numerous Democrats with shouts of exultation, but all is silence now, and leading Democrats perceive and confess that, at a time when the government cannot pay its debts, but is whining about the ears of Congress for a Loan bill or an increased Tariff, the cry for Cuba will not be popular with the people.

The States of this city occasionally publishes a funny article, and, one day last week, Mr. Pryor, its editor, penned a witty one. Speaking of the President's organs, it characterized *The Union*, the official organ, as a journal of some respectability, while the New York *Herald*, which is the favorite of Mr. Buchanan, though not ostensibly his organ, is entirely devoid of any such qualities as will give it entrance into the society of respectable journalism. *The Union*, says Mr. Pryor, is Mr. Buchanan's legitimate wife, while *The Herald* is his favorite mistress! Such language in a Democratic journal must be particularly provoking to an old bachelor President, who is so enamored of celibacy that he has tastes similar to those of Dean Swift.

It is suggested by some of the most radical members of the Republican organization that a great National Anti-Slavery Convention be held next summer or autumn, to head off any attempt to make over the Republican party into an Opposition party under the leadership of some Southern statesman, and to provide against such an event, by the election of a Standing Committee, which shall be empowered to call a Convention of *anti slavery men* the succeeding year to nominate an Independent Presidential ticket, which will take the field after the fashion of the Liberty and Free Soil parties. Events may occur between this time and next summer which will render such a course unnecessary, but such a gathering of the genuine friends of freedom could only result in good.

Several interesting slave cases have come to my knowledge during the past week, which I should like to dwell upon at length, but I can only mention one or two. One day last week, in this capital of our magnificent Republic, a man was imprisoned for harboring *his own son!* The little boy was reared by the father, while his mother—a slave—was absent, hard at work, from Monday morning till Saturday night, *for her owner.* The boy at length was put out to service, but came back home for a few days to his parent, who fed him and sheltered him—treatment which he would have bestowed upon a dog. For this act he was thrown into jail, where would he be to-day but for the kindness of an anti-slavery gentleman residing in Washington, who became his bail for the amount of $2,000!

Two or three weeks since, a poor old slave woman was suddenly sold in Washington for the far Southern market. She was in great distress, and went to a white woman who had long known her, and told her tale. The listener was a widow, and poor, but she, at once, without a moment's hesitation, mortgaged the cottage she lived in, which was the entire amount of her worldly treasure, mortgaged the cottage to nearly its full value, and set the slave free! Such an act, occurring in some countries, would make the woman world-renowned. In this land she will be set down as a fanatic, but we may be very sure that she has treasure laid up in Heaven.

D. S. T.

POLITICS.

It is said that Senator Douglas, of Illinois, expended over $100,000 to secure his re-election to the Senate.

Hon. A. H. Stevens, of Georgia, has written to his friends, positively declining a re-nomination to Congress.

A good story is told of Mrs. Douglas. When asked recently regarding her politics, her reply was, "I am an old-line Whig, with pretty strong *Douglas proclivities.*"

The Indianapolis *American* mentions several gentlemen in connection with the Republican nomination for Governor of Indiana in 1860, among others the Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

A Washington correspondent says that Mr. Douglas will not go to New Hampshire to speak, but will write a letter for circulation among the Democrats, in favor of the party's candidates for Congress.

There is a movement on foot among the Republicans in Pennsylvania to give an expression at the coming State Convention in favor of Gen. Simon Cameron for the Presidency, and thus informally place him in the field, and also to get a united delegation in the National Convention from that State.

The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, under date Feb. 2, writes:

"There is a very general feeling of despondency among the Democracy in Congress, in consequence of the utter disorganization of their party. The fact is admitted freely, and with a despairing sort of don't-care-whether-school-keeps-or-not air that bodes little hope for improvement. Disgust with the Executive, and despair of themselves, may be truly denominated the ruling sentiment in the Democracy of Congress now-a-days."

Mr. Giddings, writing from Washington to the *Ashtabula* (O.) *Sentinel*, says:

"An ex-member of Congress, lately returned from a town in Georgia and Alabama, says that the masses of the people in those States are determined to import slaves, and openly defy the Federal Government to enforce the laws against the slave trade. He states that the rich men who hold many slaves are in favor of the present laws, as new importations diminish the value. He says the masses of the people are decidedly in favor of separating from the Union, and forming a Southern Confederacy, and for that purpose desire the annexation of Cuba."

In the course of an article in the Philadelpia *Press*, Mr. Forney says: "Agreeing with Judge Douglas in the main, we shall be as free and as frank in taking issue with him, should we be compelled to do so, as we have been with those who hounded him at Washington and elsewhere." As Mr. Douglas attends all the caucuses of those who "hounded" him last winter and has put himself in direct connection with them, we shall expect *The Press* soon to have something to say about it.

The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post* says there is a scheme on foot among certain Southern politicians and discarded office-holders to bring out Franklin Pierce again as a candidate for the Presidency. Part of this plan is to keep him abroad out of the country until near the time fixed for holding the Charleston Convention, when he is to land at some Southern port, where "spontaneous meetings" of the Democracy are to be held to manufacture public sentiment for him, on the top wave of which he is to be carried triumphantly into the Convention and receive the nomination.

Mr. Prescott, the historian, whose decease is so widely lamented, was a Republican. The *Evening Post* says:

"To Mr. Prescott's honor be it said, he was always, under all circumstances, a true and sympathizing friend of Charles Sumner, never yielding to the narrow and vindictive prejudices which at one time prevailed in Boston against every man who, in politics, espoused the Anti-Slavery side. When, in the Autumn of 1856, on the return of the disabled Senator to Boston, he was received by the citizens and escorted to the State-House to be publicly welcomed by the Governor in the name of Massachusetts, Prescott was one of the first to call upon and to greet him; and, in writing at the time to a friend, he expressed his regret that he had himself returned to town only a few hours before the Senator, as he should otherwise have placed in front of his house on Beacon street, before which the cavalcade was to pass, this device:

"'24th May, 1856.

"'Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourished over us.'"

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says:

"Mr. Douglas has within a month sunk rapidly out of sight. It is astonishing how little interest is felt in his fortunes. He leads nobody in Congress, is condemned by his party there, and no one seems to care what will be his future course. He is paying court to the fire-eaters, just now, with great assiduity, and endeavoring to win them over to his side in his quarrel with Mr. Buchanan. Some of these gentlemen very naturally sympathize with Mr. Douglas, for upon various questions they too have been at loggerheads with the Administration. Denials to the contrary notwithstanding, it is everywhere believed that within a week a meeting of his friends has been held at the house of Judge Douglas. It is also believed, and I think *known*, that Forney made fight against the resolution to which the particular friends of Mr. Douglas came, viz., to submit his name to the Charleston Convention and abide by the result. Mr. Forney has been altogether too much in earnest in his war upon the Administration, in defence of the liberty of freemen in all the States, to consent to make friends with the bitter politicians who intend secretly to strike him down the moment he returns to the party. Mr. Douglas knows that Forney cannot rejoin the Democratic party, but thinks *he* himself can do it, and it has always been characteristic of the man to throw overboard those of his political friends who are no longer of any use to him. He has no gratitude in his nature—this is the statement of those who in past times have known him well."

The slaveholders were saved from utter defeat in 1856 by the electoral vote of Pennsylvania, and it might naturally be expected that they would feel some impulse of gratitude toward their Democratic brethren of that State. The Pennsylvania Democracy tell their Southern allies that the senti

Miscellaneous Department.

"THE ROCK" IN THE VALLEY OF EL GHOR!

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Dead Petra in her hill tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turned not back;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod,
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe,
To mark after the burnish'd urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor.

And where upon its ancient guard
The rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,
Looks from its turrets desertward,
And keeps the watch that God has set,

The same as when, in thunders loud,
It heard the voice of God to man;
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile,

Or saw the tiber'nacle pause,
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
How grew its shadowing pile, at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock as they;
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send his angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert land!
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land!

—*National Era.*

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—Byron.

Translated for The Standard *from the French of Madame* D'Haussonville.

IN CONTINUATION.....VII.

Lord Norbury summed up the case, and, to the great surprise of all present, he was less severe and violent in his expressions than Mr. O'Grady and Mr. Plunket. The defendant was unanimously found guilty. Mr. MacNally asked that the sentence might be postponed till the next day, the session having begun at ten in the morning, to last till eleven at night. This demand was refused. The clerk, then turning towards the prisoner, asked, according to custom, "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you according to the law?"

Robert Emmet rose, came forward in the dock, bowed slightly to the court, and, with the utmost calmness, spoke as follows:

"My Lords: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter—I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur: but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy—for there must be guilt somewhere: whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice: the man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

—"I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view, than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy; nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the court.]

"Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

"I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime, of which he had been adjudged guilty: that a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt—but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

"My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court: you, my lord, are a judge, I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear at the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or—

[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

"My lord, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? or rather why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This no doubt may be dispensed with—and so might the whole ceremony of trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle, before your jury was empannelled; your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here the Court desired him to proceed.]

"I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition! O, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me, had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it, I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism.

"I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt you to that proud station in the world.

"Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction; we sought aid, and we sought it, as we had assurances we should obtain it, as auxiliaries in war—and allies in peace.

"Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fail, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to establish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

"But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to laud; I looked indeed for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted! That they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

"I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Franklin procured for America. To procure an aid, which, by its example, would be as important as its valor, disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the heart of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the Court.]

"I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the *key-stone* of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of conspiracy." You do me honor over-much. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand—

[Here he was interrupted.]

"What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in the struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? shall you tell me this—and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

"I do not fear to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it."

Here Lord Norbury, who had been visibly disturbed, interrupted the prisoner.

"Mr. Emmet, you have been called upon to give reason, if you have any, why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced against you. Instead of offering legal reasons to the countrary, you have proceeded in a manner most unbecoming a man in your situation. You have avowed and tried to defend principles utterly subversive of the tranquillity, the welfare and the happiness of this country, and you have professed the most abominable doctrines of treason.

"You have, sir, the honor to be a gentleman, and your father occupied an important post under government. You had an elder brother, whom death has removed—one of the greatest ornaments of the bar. His country's laws were the study of his youth, and the study of his manhood was to sustain them. He left you a noble example, and, had he lived, would have given to your talents the same praiseworthy direction. He would have taught you to admire and sustain that Constitution for the destruction of which you have conspired with the most abandoned and the most perverse; associating with tavern-keepers and butchers, and men of like character, whom you convoked as a council for the creation of your Provisional Government. When you went out at night, at the head of a band of assassins, you must have wholly lost the consciousness of who and what you were."

Mr. Emmet went on.

"Let no man dare when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

"My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of silence! Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

Lord Norbury—"I could have wished to recall you to sentiments more becoming a man in your sad situation. Other conduct and a different tone would better befit one who criminally undertook to overturn the constitution and laws of his country."

Robert Emmet—"I repeat it again, I am not the author of the conspiracy. I found it organized on my arrival. I was asked to join it. I took time to reflect; and I was told that, however I might determine, the affair would go on, with or without me. After mature deliberation, I deemed it consistent with my principles, and I consented to be a party to it. Placed in the same circumstances, I would do it again."

Lord Norbury—"I exhort you not to quit this life with sentiments of hostility so deeply rooted against the government of your country, but, before death, to make your peace with your God and with your king. Such a change of feeling will obtain you pardon in the world to come, and help you to support with constancy the terrible sentence I am about to pronounce upon you."

Lord Norbury then read the sentence of death, which was to be executed at one o'clock the next day, with an emotion in his voice which he had never before shown in such a case. (The condemned was, according to usage, to be hung and beheaded.) The prisoner retired, after respectfully saluting the court.

The condemnation of Robert Emmet was nothing extraordinary in times when the propriety of the death penalty for political offences had never been questioned, for assuredly he was, legally, guilty. But the animosity of his judges only more clearly exhibited that wonderful mixture of boldness and gentleness which carried away every heart present at the trial. The pathos of such accents pierces the soul with deep emotion, and the right possessed by conscience over force thrills all in our nature that is immortal. So much firmness of mind and hardihood of soul are astonishing in one so young, in conflict with so terrible a destiny. We feel in his words the accent of a lofty soul that knows its own greatness, with an anxious foreboding as to the estimate of futurity. The touching peroration of this speech recalls the farewell to life that Sophocles puts into the mouth of Antigone: "For thee have I sacrificed my life, my marriage union and all that existence had for me that was most precious. I go, then, while yet I live, descending into the abode of the dead. I shall behold no more the pleasant light of day. O tomb! O funeral-bed! O place of eternal rest! I hear the summons of death, and the gods are silent. What is my crime!"

One need but read the trial of Robert Emmet to be convinced that justice and the righteous cause were on the side of Ireland. Strong souls enlighten the darkness of the times in which they live. A few lines of Dante tell us more about the Italian republics than all the contemporary chronicles. Sailing along the shores of the Gulf of Amalfi, the uncertain blue parts before the bark that cleaves the waves, and shows the bright coral growing beneath the dark rocks. So does the light of truth traverse the uncertainty and contradiction of human opinions; and often the cry of passion, more eloquent than logic, impresses upon the not yet undoubted truth the seal of irresistible evidence.

All who were present at the trial declared they had never heard anything equal to the penetrating eloquence of Robert Emmet; and thirty years afterwards, they could not speak without emotion of the grace, the freedom of mind and the lofty bearing with which he stood before his judges. He spoke so loud as to be heard distinctly at the doors outside the court, and yet there was in his manner nothing exaggerated or declamatory. "His voice, on the contrary," so Madden tells us, "was modulated with exquisite delicacy, and his gestures, more or less vehement, were all in harmony with his voice. He advanced and retreated behind the bar with a certain movement of the body peculiar to himself when he spoke, and which was not wanting in grace." Here we ought to recall the testimony which cannot be suspected of partiality. The same correspondent of *The Times*, over the signature of "Verax," while absolutely condemning the insurrection, goes on to say: "Still, I must affirm that he was great in the midst of his errors, when, on his trial, the grave already opening to receive him, he shook the walls by the energy and the brilliancy of his eloquence; and I saw the viper that his father had warmed in his bosom [Plunket] quiver under his blows, and that refuse of humanity who was one of his judges [Lord Norbury] turn pale and tremble on his seat. In such circumstances it was a prodigious, an almost superhuman effort. And when, after having inflicted this memorable chastisement and hurled this withering defiance at his enemies, he defended the principles which formed the basis of his conduct, he displayed a moral integrity, a talent and intrepidity unparalleled in the annals of the world."

The narrative of *The Times* confirms the noble words of Barrington—"resistance makes the tyrant who tramples it under his feet to blush upon his throne." "I shall never forget," says the Marquis of Harcourt, one of the officers of the English army that suppressed the insurrection, "the moment when, with a manner full of grace and gentleness, Emmet offered to his country the sacrifice of his life. Every eye was filled with tears; we sobbed as we went out; and for one moment I thought justice severe, and the conspirator worthy of compassion."

It was eleven at night when Robert was taken back to prison. He stopped at the grate of Mr. St. John Mason's cell, and said, "I shall be hung to-morrow."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Dickens's reading of his "Christmas Carol" in one place had such an effect upon a miserly old man that he gave £2,000 for charitable purposes.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb had too long been content to breathe the unsavory air of that unsightly region, Little Russell street, on account of its vicinity to the threatres, and its central position as a ready rendezvous for his friends. After winding up a narrow and rickety pair of stairs (not unlike the "*degant ladder*" that led to the lofty family crib of George Colman's Irish cow-doctor, Mr. Looney Macwoulter), a visitor on entering a middle-sized room would dimly discover, through the dense clouds of tobacco-smoke that were making their murky way up the chimney and through the key-holes, a noble head, worthy of Meduso, on which were thinly scattered white hairs (those blossoms of the grave!), and an expressive, thoughtful set of features, inclining to the Hebrew cast, mounted on a frame so fragile that the winds of heaven might be well excused if they visited it not too roughly. This was mine host. Around him at that witching time when "churchyards yawn," and sobriety in its soft bed is part yawning, a band of brother smokers and jokers, to whom the midnight chimes were more familiar music than the lark's, kept it up merrily. The locality generally induced the subject; hence the drama from *Gammer Gurton's Needle* down (a painful descent!) to the last droll that had received its critical "Goose" (minus the apple-sauce!) was the topic of discussion. Hazlitt (a pale-faced, spare man, with sharp features and piercing eyes) would, after his ingenious and fanciful fashion, anatomize the character of *Hamlet*, and find in it certain points of resemblance to mankind in general; while Coleridge would as earnestly contend that *Hamlet* was an unique and a wonderful conception, totally unlike any other that had entered into the poetical heart or brain, adding that Shakspeare might have borrowed from his own idiosyncrasy some of the more delicate and spiritual lights and shades. the metaphysical subtlety and superior word-painting of Coleridge generally brought him off conqueror. Those who have heard Lamb descant upon, and seen John Kemble act *Lear* have, in truth, a just conception of the sublime. What Elia has *written* upon the heartbroken, discrowned old King may not compare, for grandeur and intensity, with what he has *spoken*. The fiery food of extemporaneous eloquence that he poured forth touching *Lear's* madness, and its cause; the flashing of his dark, melancholy eye; the quivering of his fine poetical lips;

"A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,
With forms to his conceit";

bespoke a too mournful sympathy with that most terrible of human calamities, which induced those who were acquainted with his sad history to divert him from a subject so personally exciting, and to lead him into flowery paths where fairies

"Hop in walks, and gambol in our eyes,
And nod to us, and do us courtesies";

paths in which he ever delighted to wander. . . . .

Nor were their endeavors unsuccessful. He turned from tragedy to comedy with equal facility and grace. When the discussion grew tiresome, and some unbidden Coryphæus of commonplace was monotonously mouthing, he would, portentously pompous, play (as he called it) the "matter-of-*fact*-man," and interpose some absurb and transparent solecism, to the delight of Talfourd (the then pet of the bar for his amiability and frolicsome humor), who seconded his friend's facetious audacity with the raciest relish; while Hood, who (as Lamb said) carried two faces under his *namesake*, a tragic one and a comic, gave, with a well-pickled and pointed pun, commonplace its quietus. A plentiful hot supper (pork chops!) would follow; after which the goblets were re-filled, the pipes re-fused, and the entertaining talk was resumed for another pleasant hour or two. The company then took their leave, bidding each other "good night," while labor, returning to its daily toil, was grumbling "good morning."

Upon these occasions I was mostly a silent spectator, having much to learn, and little to impart. But I saw with sorrow that this mode of life was doing its sure work of destruction on the mind and body of my friend. It was therefore with sincere satisfaction that I received from his own lips the unexpected and thrice-welcome intelligence that he was removing to a cottage at Islington, where certain intrusive idlers were not likely to follow him, but where his chosen friends would always find him at home. In this congenial and quiet retreat he was soon comfortably settled. The New River flowed in its front, and a pretty garden in full bearing and bloom flourished in its rear. He now took to the culture of flowers, particularly the rose, from its poetical association with Carew's exquisite song—

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose."

His trees supplied him liberally with fruit, which he as liberally distributed among his juvenile visitors. If the fishes of the New River knew him not (cockney *Piscators* with their penny rods had frightened even the minnows away!), the birds of the air did; for they congregated upon his green grass-plot, perched upon his window-sills, nestled in the caves of his house-top, responded to his whistle, pecked up with sharpened beaks his plum-cake, and serenaded him morning and evening with their sweet songs. It became one of his amusements to watch their motions. "Command me," he said, "to the sparrows for what our friend Mathews calls, in his 'At Home,' 'irregular appropriation.' I remember seeing a precocious Newgate-bird snatch from the muckle mouth of a plethoric 'prentice-boy a hissing hot slice of plum-pudding, to the diversion of the bystanders, who could not but laugh at the urchin's audacious dexterity. But this sleight-of-hand feat is nothing to the celerity with which these feathered freebooters will make a tit-bit exchange beaks." Seeing his growing fondness for birds, I offered him a beautiful bullfinch ensconced in a handsome cage. But he declined the present. "Every song that it sung from its wiry prison," said he, "I could never flatter myself was meant for my ear; but rather a wistful note to the passing travellers of air 'that it were with them too!' This would make me self-reproachful and sad. Yet I should be loath to let the little captive fly, lest, being unused to liberty, it should flatter itself to death, or starve."

And with what complacency he boasted that, for the first time in his life, he was the absolute lord and master of a whole house!—of an undisturbed and a well-conducted home! I helped him to arrange his small, but judiciously-selected, library (his darling folios, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Johnson and Company!); to hang in the best light his speaking portraits of the poets of old-fashioned ebony frames; and to adorn his mantle-pieces with shepherds and shepherdesses in beautiful Chelsea chisa, which, like their owner, looked gayer and fresher for the change! He lived abstemiously retired to rest at a reasonable hour, and rose early. He took long walks in the (*then!*) neighboring fields, and seldom returned without a noticeable nosegay of wild flowers. He lamented the rapid encroachment of "horrid bricks and mortar" upon the greensward, and it was during one of our many rural rambles together that he extemporized in prose what I thus (to his cordially expressed contentment) turned and twisted into rhyme:

"Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
Cut your rambles rather shorter,
Give green fields a little quarter!

"You, in your suburban sallies,
Turn your pleasant fields and valleys
Into squalid courts and alleys.

"All along our rural passes
Where tripp'd village lads and lasses
Not a single blade of grass is?

"Where I saw the daisies springing,
Where I heard the blackbird singing,
And the lark, while heaven-ward winging,

"I behold a rookery frightful
Which with tatter (tenants rightful!)
Beggary fills from morn to night full.

"And besides their neighbor wizen
For rogues I see a palace risen,
And for poverty a prison!

"Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
Give green fields a little quarter:
As sworn foes to nature's beauty
You've already done your duty!"

He took much interest in the antiquities of "Merrie Islington." "Queen Elizabeth's Walk" became his favorite promenade in summer time, for its historical associations, its seclusion and its shade. He would watch the setting sun from the top of old Canonbury Tower, and sit silently contemplating the "spangled heavens" (for he was a disciple of Plato, the great Apostle of the Beautiful!), until the cold night air warned him to retire. He was intimate with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable tower, and a brother antiquary in a small way, who took pleasure in entertaining him in the antique panelled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his "Traveller," and supped frugally on buttermilk, and in pointing to a small portrait of Shakspeare in a curiously carved gilt frame, which Lamb would look at longingly, and which has since become mine. He was never weary of toiling up and down the winding and narrow stairs of this suburban pile, and peeping into its quaint corners and cupboards, as if he expected to discover there some hitherto hidden clue to its mysterious origin! The ancient hostelries were also visited, and he smoked his pipe and quaffed his nut-brown ale at the Old Queen's Head from the festivous tankard presented by one Master Crauch (a choice spirit!) to a former host, and in the Old Oak Parlor too where, according to tradition, the gallant Raleigh received "full sonse" in his face the humming contents of a jolly Black Jack from an affrighted clown who, seeing clouds of tobacco smoke curling from the Knight's nose and mouth, thought he was all on fire! Though now, as he called himself, "a country gentleman," he occasionally shared in the amusements of the town, he had formerly been a great sight-seer, and the ruling passion still followed him to his Islingtonian Tusculum. "One who patronizes, as I do, Bartlemy Fair," said he, "must needs have an inkling for my Lord Mayor's Show. They both possess the charm of antiquity." Profanely speaking, I fear he rather affected the Smithfield Saturnalia; not that he loved the men in armor, the gingerbread gilt city coach, the broad bannners and broad faces of Loudon's corporation less, but that he loved dwarfs, giants, penny trumpets, and broad fun more, to say nothing of those unique attractions, the fried sausages and the little sweeps! He had a quick ear and a quick step for Punch and Judy, preluded by the eternal Pandean pipe and drum; and it was not until Punch had perpetrated all his traditional atrocities, and was left crowing and cachinating *solus on the scene*, that he was to be coerced or coaxed away. Many a penny he has paid for a peep into a puppet-show; and after his final retirement to Edmonton he visited its fairs and renewed old acquaintanceship with the clowns and conjurors.

This happy change of life and scene produced the most salutary effects upon his constitution and mind. Those distressing day and night dreams, in which he saw

"More devils than vast hell can hold,"

no longer haunted him, and he lost much of that nervous irritability and restlessness that at one time threatened to become a permanent disease. As our friendship increased, our discourse grew more confidential and personal; and I learnt, to my deep gratification, not to say surprise (for in the wild sallies of his innocent mirth he had said and done many things that were hardly consistent with the world's superficial sobriety) that a large amount of intellectual piety added another charm to his amiable character. I say *intellectual* piety; because much canting controversy has been lavished on its obvious meaning; as if piety were only for the unlearned, and were not the result both of reason and revelation. He pronounced the Liturgy of the Church of England the most devout, comprehensive and glorious of heavenly inspirations, and sacred music (particularly the Evening Hymn, which he had lisped in childhood) melted him to tears. He never used the Holy Name idly. He had no sanctimonious, superfluous "God-ollings." The divine permission was with him a well understood proviso in every engagement and promise that he made.

He was singularly charitable in judging of others, and often repeated, "Let not my weak, unknowing hand," &c., from Pope's beautiful prayer. He scorned the economical caution (so common with penny-wise philanthropy), that shuts the heart and hand indiscriminately against the street beggar. "It is an accepted maxim," he would say, "that twenty rogues had better escape punishment, rather than that one innocent man should suffer. I therefore hold that to be duped by a dozen impostors out of a few paltry pence is not half so bad as denying one really deserving supplicant." He never refused gray hairs, the halt, or the blind, and he pointed to a fine engraving of Belisarius that adorned his dining-room as his excuse.

Spring and autumn were his favorite months. The one brought with it renewed verdure, hope and joy; the other, with its falling leaves, fading flowers, and hollow, whistling winds, suited his constitutional melancholy. It was in autumn, alas! that he passed away from us. Here, for the present, I pause. Let us, my friends, forget his frailties, which were venial and few, and remember only his virtues, which were bright and many, and which we shall do well to emulate. His genius is far above our reach.—*London Literary Gazette.*

AUTOGRAPHS.

I had the sight of two most interesting autographs of Robert Burns the other day, belonging to my friend, the Rev. Robert C. Waterston of this city. One is the rough draft of the poem called "A Vision," beginning

"As I stood by yon roofless tower."

There it was, as it came seething hot from his brain, with all the gradual moldings of it into the shape it now bears. After the first verse came the following, which he erased

"A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honour's gane an' a',
And broken hearted we maun dee."

In the second stanza, as the poem now stands, the word "*fox*" is substituted for "*tod*" in the draft. In the third, which now stands,

"The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa'
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roarings swell and fa',"

the two last lines originally stood thus:

"To join yon river in the strath
Whose roaring seemed to rise and fa'."

Or, rather, the last line was first written as it now stands, and erased and interlined as above. The fifth stanza, which reads,

"By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be,"

was the original composition, but erased and the following written to take its place:

"Now, looking over fifth and fauld
Her horn the pale-faced Cythia rear'd;
When lo! in form of minstrel auld
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd."

I think all critical readers will agree that the poet came finally to the just conclusion for the energy and picturesque beauty of the poem. The other is a letter dated Kilmarnock, in which obscure place the first edition of his poems was printed, in 1786, addressed to Mr. John Kennedy, with a copy of his book just from the press. The letter is printed, but incorrectly, in Allan Cunningham's edition of Burns; so, as it is characteristic and interesting, I send you a copy, with Mr. Waterston's permission, for publication.

Though not an autographomaniac myself, I share in the just interest generally felt in securing the works of famous men in their own handwriting. Mr. Waterston has a collection of singular interest, not surpassed in curiosity, I should judge, though it may be in size, by any other in the country. There is absolutely no trash in it, but only autographs of first-class celebrities, or of persons famous by connection with them. For example, he has holograph letters or extended writings in their own hand of Pope (letter and poem), Dryden (poem), Swift (unpublished poem), Barke, Sheridan, Windham, Warren Hastings, Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Cowper, Beattie, Paley, Mrs. Piozzi, Mackenzie, Sir William Hamilton, Whitefield, Robert Hall, Bentham, Mackintosh, Horace Walpole (two or three letters), of almost every great writer of this century, as Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Crabbe, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Keats, Rogers, Gifford, Monk Lewis, H. K. White, and quantities more, not to mention living writers. There is a very rare and curious letter of the benevolent Howard, one of Garrick refusing a comedy, of Mrs. Siddons and John Phillip Hemble, of Copley, West, Canova and Thorwalsden, of Sir Joseph Banks, Fox, Canning, Addington and Percival, Eldon, and many more public men of this century—among them a most interesting letter of Nelson to Lady Hamilton. Among foreign autographs there are finely preserved letters of Melanchthon, Fenelon, Lavater, Voltaire, Oberlin, one of Necker to Gibbon announcing the birth of Madame de Staël's son, of Goethe, Herder, &c., &c. Of public documents with famous signatures affixed there are many such names as these: Sir Nicholas Bacon, Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Prince Rupert (holograph), the parliamentary Earl of Essex, Charles II., the younger Vane, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, the learned Seldon, Dr. Louth, Evelyn, Pepys, Clifford, Arlington, Sir William Temple, Admiral Penn and his son William Penn, the Prince of Orange, his son William III., Queen Anne, Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pelham, Sir Isaac Newton, not to mention later Kings, Princes and Ministers. Louis XVI., Napoleon I. and Talleyrand, however, may as well be added.

This list gives you a very faint idea of the autographic treasures of Mr. Waterston. The letters are, many of them, of great intrinsic interest. That of Cowper to Rose is most characteristic and touching; that of Chesterfield is the very one which Macaulay (or is it Stephen?) cites in *The Edinburgh Review*, in proof of the statesmanlike type of his mind, in which he says: "Think of your manufactures at least as much as you do of your militia, and be as much on your guard against Poperv as against Popery," &c. Burke's is a charming letter to Sir William Hamilton, in December, 1787, introducing a friend, speaking of his son, of the impeachment of Hastings, and of the committal of the Portland Vase to Wedgewood to be copied. Then comes Hastings's letter from Daylesford, gossipping and containing verses of his own. Charles Lamb's is the letter deciding that Elea shall be put to death, in the preface to his collected Essays. And so on and so forth. I have omitted more names than I have mentioned, but here are enough to give you a notion of the value of Mr. Waterston's collection. His American autographs are quite as valuable and even more complete and curious than his European are. Byles.

—*Tribune.*

[Copy of an original letter of Burns's in the possession of the Rev. Robert C. Waterston of Boston.]

My Dear Sir: Your truly facetious epistle of the 3d inst., gave me much entertainment. I was sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing you, as I passed your way, but we shall bring up all our leeway on Wednesday, the 6th inst., when I hope to have it in my power to call on you, and take a kind, very probably, a last adieu, before I go for Jamaica, as I expect orders to repair to Greenock every day. I have at last made my public appearance, and am solemnly inaugurated into the numerous class of authors. Could I have got a carrier, you should have had a score of vouchers for my authorship, but now you have them, let them speak for themselves.

Farewell, dear friend, may guid luck hit you,
And 'mang her favorites admit you;
If ev'er detraction strive to smit you,
May none believe him!
And ony deil that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him!

Kilmk, Aug. 1788. Robert Burns.

Mr John Kennedy, Dumfries House,
With a parcel. (By Cunnock).

Women Railway Clerks.—In taking a ticket the other day at the Edinburgh station of the Edinburgh, Perth and Dundee Railway, we were pleasantly surprised on being waited upon by a blooming and bonnie lassie, who, along with an activity quite equal to, exhibited a politeness very rare in, railway clerks of the literally ruder sex. We observed that the department was entirely occupied by women, there being another giving out tickets, and a third telegraphing. This innovation thus far north is rather startling; but, instead of objecting to it, we think it highly commendable, and hope to see the employment of women in light occupations rapidly extended. The only inconvenience we can see is that good-looking and intelligent girls like those in the Edinburgh railway office will not book many passengers before they are booked themselves for the life-long journey of matrimony, so that the Company will soon lose their services. We wish them all for that journey first-class tickets!—*Scottish Press.*

"ONCE I WAS PURE".

[Late the other afternoon, hurrying at night-fall for the last boat to the "Cottage," in a soft, warm, clean snow-storm, we thought of these lines, and wished that we knew who wrote them.—*Knickerbocker.*]

O! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

O! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
La